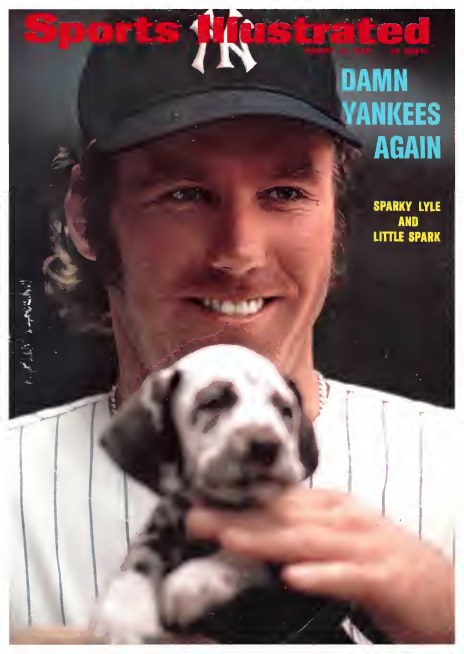


Sports Illustrated



AUGUST 23, 1979 \$2.50

DAMN YANKEES AGAIN

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AND
LITTLE SPARK

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Weel done, Cutty Sark."

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Next week

THE OLYMPICS are bigger—with 9,000 athletes from more than 120 nations—and presumably better this year, reports SP's Munich-bound crew. The U.S. track and field squad, says Pat Patah, has more youthful confidence (about two-thirds of it belonging to Steve Prefontaine) than even Mark Spitz's serene and properly vengeful, according to Jerry Kirshenbaum, and will lead a U.S. swim team check full of chicks itching to dunk Aussie champ Shane Gould. There is also a portfolio of Olympians from many nations and a complete set of medal predictions. Plus the news of the week in baseball, pro football, horse racing and golf.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

100% FOR MARVIN

The continued predominance of stand-patrist in major league baseball manifested itself once more during the summer meetings in Kansas City last week.

The most radical proposal that came under consideration was the realignment of teams, either in four six-team leagues or three leagues of eight teams each. By the meeting's end, such proposals seem to have been hurried all but permanently. Few club owners were enthusiastic for realignment. Even so progressive a newcomer into the ranks as Ewing Kauffman of the Kansas City Royals opposed it, suggesting instead that for the time being ailing franchises (his own has lost several millions in its four years) be encouraged to try for "better merchandising" of games. Kauffman, nevertheless, was one of a minority of owners willing to let his team play three games in New Orleans' domed stadium, as part of a plan by which 10 teams would play three games each there during a given season.

As usual, there was more support for realignment among American owners and club officials than among those in the more flourishing National League. Such owners and officials as Calvin Griffith of Minnesota, Dick O'Connell of Boston and Jerold Hoffberger of Baltimore all advocated realignment. The only National man in strong agreement was William Bartholomay, president of the Atlanta Braves, though he feared the reaction of Atlanta fans if their team ended up in a league or division with "northern" in its name. Instead of realignment, Spec Richardson of the Houston Astros urged everyone to "roll up their sleeves and go to work" to promote baseball. Pittsburgh and Cincinnati representatives also spoke out against the proposal.

But the real deathblow probably came from Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who said his study of baseball law indicated that realignment probably could be accomplished only by unanimous vote,

since it would involve disbanding present leagues and establishing new ones. And, as Joe McGuff, *Kansas City Star* sports editor, put it, about the only unanimous vote to be expected from major league owners these days would be to deport Marvin Miller.

WATER CURE

In the past 10 years there have been some 50 deaths from heatstroke in American football. All could have been prevented, according to an angry Dr. Robert Murphy, team physician for Ohio State University and a leading figure in an American Medical Association research group that has been addressing itself to such problems. Last week there was another heatstroke death, Mark Valentine, a 17-year-old Kenton (Ohio) high school football player, died in Columbus University Hospital.

"The coach had the football candidates run a two-mile course," Dr. Murphy reported, "and the boy collapsed after running it in something under 12 minutes. This is the most ridiculous thing you can do in preparing heavy interior linemen for football. To run a distance race to prepare for football doesn't make any sense at all. For the thin trackman, perhaps this is O.K., but for the heavy interior linemen it's disgusting. And virtually every one of our heat death victims have been linemen—the guards, centers and tackles, boys carrying too much weight."

Dr. Murphy's prescription: "Bring back the old-fashioned water buckets and throw away those salt tablets."

"Sweat is basically water," he explained. "Some salt, but mostly water. It compounds the problems if you take salt tablets and don't take water, but it's hard to get this point across to kids or coaches."

"If you replace water alone you'll never get in trouble. We are encouraging athletes to eat salt—after practice. We want them to salt food heavily and to use the electrolyte solutions (Gatorade

and the like) to replenish salt. But in terms of preventing heatstroke, the important thing is to drink plenty of water before and during practice and I do mean plenty. Ten years ago we used to give players sips of water during practice and in time-outs during games. Now at Ohio State we average 100 gallons of ice water per practice."

"Coaches have told their players not to drink water because it makes you sick—and that's a lot of hokey."

THE WIDE WORLD OF MUNICH

The American Broadcasting Company, which likes to think of itself as "the innovative network," is distributing to its clients a guidebook entitled *Munich and the Summer Olympics as Covered Exclusively by the ABC Television Network*.

It is a good guidebook, and includes such help to the Olympic spectator as a complete program of the Games, a map, a brief dissertation on the city and lists of hotels, bars, beer halls, restaurants and nightclubs—even a glossary which advises that *Eierstrahe* means eggplant, *Hula* is chicken and *Rauchspeck* is bacon. There is also a section entitled "Where to Meet Munich's Girls," and a warning against clip joints.

All very useful, no doubt. But then, as what might be considered a work of supererogation, there is a brief section headed "Ladies of the Evening," with directions on how to get to, for instance, "The IMEX House on Hohenzollernstrasse, two blocks west of Belgradstrasse, on the right hand side, going out of town."

THE TIDE TURNS FOR SAM

The Hollywood-inspired view of the prizefight business is that it is a cut-throat racket without honor. In some times and places it has been just that—but not always or everywhere.

It has been a long time between big scores for Sad Sam Silverman, 59, who promoted 32 of Rocky Marciano's fights. And big scores came in only a few of the Marciano matches since 29 of them were put on in New England cities. Sam did make between \$40,000 and \$50,000 on one of the Sugar Ray Robinson-Paul Pender middleweight championship bouts in Boston in 1960. His last championship match was in 1962 when Pender and Terry Downes went at it in Boston. He almost had the Muhammad Ali-Sonny Liston bout in Boston, too, but

continued

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SCORECARD *rounding*

Ali developed a hernia, and the fight drifted farther north to that one-punch show in Lewiston, Maine.

Now on Oct. 11 in Boston Garden, Sam looks to have another big score when George Foreman and Oscar Bonavena meet for something called the Pan-American heavyweight championship. Sports Action made the match, and the reason it ended up in Boston with Sam cut in on a promoter's share goes back a few years.

In 1950 Dick Sadler, now Foreman's manager, arrived in Boston—broke and with three boxers in tow.

"I never knew Dick before," Sam says, "but I fixed him with a place to stay and cutting money and got fights for his boys."

When Sadler left town a couple of years later he still owed Silverman money.

"He kept telling me he'd do something for me," Sam said.

Now Dick has paid off with two Foreman fights for Sam, one of them tentatively scheduled for Sept. 16 against an as-yet-unscheduled opponent, and the Bonavena match.

Sports Action made the two fights, but at Sadler's insistence Sam Silverman was included as promoter.

It's a plot that never will make a movie.

PEPE GOES TO STUD

On summer weekends in Murillo, a village in the heart of Spain's grape belt, there is ordinarily little to do except, appropriately, sip wine and bask in the sun. Change is setting in now, though, because hordes of tourists are invading the little town each August to watch the International Snail Races.

In this year's second annual meet, 74 escargots from eight countries challenged the one-meter, 20-centimeter course. After five agonizing minutes Spain's Pepe dashed across the finish line a winner, four lengths ahead of an obscure French snail which had obviously been detained by wine spilled on the track.

During the post-race victory fête there was more wine and plenty of snails to eat. But champion Pepe's owner decided to spare him, perhaps for breeding purposes.

JOURNEY'S END

Two biologists from the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department found a bot-

tle in the Pemigewasset River. In it was a note signed by 16-year-old Jennifer Wilson of Bristol, N.H.

"Pick up this bottle to help stop pollution," the note said. "That's the least you can do for the water that has supplied you and your family for generations. If you don't, 20 years from now you and your family behind you will be in serious danger."

The bottle had been in the river for two years and Jennifer was surprised that it had been found.

"I figured it would be out in the ocean long ago," she said.

But the bottle had traveled only 15 miles downstream. It got hung up in some trash.

FREEDOM IN MUNICH

That psychedelic symbol designed for the 1972 Olympics is not a spiral, as it might seem to be after staring at it for a bit, but a *Strahlenkranz*.

A *Strahlenkranz* is a wreath of rays, a sunburst motif symbolizing outward expanding energy, a discarding of conventions, freedom. It has been linked to what Munich hopes the Olympics will be: *keitere Spiele*, or gay, carefree, hap-



py games. The colors are those of the city itself—either azure blue on white, or white on azure blue, azure choose.

The symbol's designer, Otlé Archer, head of the Ulm design studio and founder of Ulm's Design Institute, has good reason to wish for carefree freedom. He narrowly escaped execution by the Gestapo for his part in the 1944 anti-Nazi students' plot.

THE PELOTA MYSTERY

A crisis has developed injai alai's supply lines. As matters stand at the moment, there will be no more American-made pelotas, which are the world's best.

Order tickets now for Big Ten football action at Northwestern!

There's still time to order your season tickets for all the color and excitement of football—Big Ten style. This year Northwestern takes on 4 Big Ten opponents and always powerful Notre Dame.

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The Wildcats have had 2 successive second-place finishes in the Big Ten, and coach Alex Agase vows, "We don't intend to stop now!"

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"Enough," he said, "to know you're too big a guy to fool around with those cheap cameras for kids."

"What d'ya mean by that?"

"I mean," he said, "that this 35mm rangefinder camera takes grown-up professional-type pictures for grown-ups like yourself. All 6'5" of you."

"You're not so tiny yourself."

He ignored me and went on.

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"As easy as catching a pop-up?"

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"That's easy," I admitted.

"What's more," he continued,

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"Guess what? Boog Powell got himself a grown-up camera."

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*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it on an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

For about four years now, Mrs. Isabelle Fernandez of Hialeah, Fla., a Cuban housewife, has been turning out an average of one pelota a day. She was the only producer of the little \$30 ball for three Florida frontons—Orlando, West Palm Beach and Miami. Now she has decided to retire.

"It was the best pelota we have ever found," said Gordon Hulbert, head man at the Orlando-Seminole fronton, "and we have tried them from Spain and Mexico and other places."

He has enough of the Cuban exile's pelotas on hand to last two more seasons, Hulbert said, then will turn to other, though inferior, sources.

Mrs. Fernandez professes to have a secret way of making the balls, but, when Hulbert suggested he might buy the secret from her, "she mentioned a figure in the neighborhood of Joe Namath's new contract with the Jets."

"Why, we wouldn't use that many pelotas in 30 years," he said.

Mrs. Fernandez learned her secret from her father, Isadore Mian, who in pre-Castro years was known as Cuba's most skilled pelota maker. Now, if she goes, the secret goes with her.

THEY SAID IT

- Abe Gribon, coach of the Chicago Bears, on how he communicates with Marro Roder, a Czechoslovakian place-kicker who speaks no English: "When I holler, he runs. When I blow my whistle, he runs. That's all he's got to know."
- Yogi Berra, Mets manager, after receiving a check made out to "Bearer" for his appearance on Jack Buck's pregame show in St. Louis: "How long have you known me, Jack? And you still don't know how to spell my name."
- Frank Howard, retired Clemson football coach, on how much softer he was than his old coach, Wallace Wade: "Coach Wade would give his captain 10 laps if he lost the coin toss."
- Jerry Heard, pro golfer, on growing respect from his fellow members on the tour: "It used to be when I saw Palmer he'd just look at me and smile and say, 'Hi.' Now he sees me and says, 'Hi, Jerry.'"
- Karl Douglas, on his unshattered appearance after a poor performance at quarterback in the Colts' preseason game with the Redskins: "I try not to take life too seriously. You're not going to get out of it alive anyway."

END

It's tough on your beard.

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RED MAN TO THE RESCUE

A tobacco-chewing relief pitcher and dee-fense have put the once mighty Yankees into a pennant race for the first time in years by **RON FIMRITE**

They are scarcely the Bronx Bombers of sainted antiquity, these 1972 New York Yankees. They do not so much demolish the foe with block busters as harry him with burch twigs. Names such as Roy White, Thurman Munson and Bobby Murcer do not exactly call to mind Murderers Row, nor is the pitching staff peopled with latter-day Red Ruffings and Whitey Fords.

And yet, almost by sheer force of will, these warriors of comparably modest firepower have thrust themselves into the increasingly turbulent battle for the championship of the American League East. By playing nearly 650 baseball for the past month and by beating the then-division-leading Detroit Tigers three games out of four last week, they had risen to within two games of first place, their farthest advance in a pennant race since the championship year of 1964.

More than that, however, they have awakened their once sparse and somnolent supporters and transformed them into a howling multitude. Rooting for the old Yankees was considered bad form. It was, as one wag suggested, a bit like cheering for U.S. Steel. Rooting for recent Yankee teams was simply bad judgment—before this year, when it became a compulsion. Where once grand slam home runs were received dispassionately, now infield hits are the source of shameful exultation.

The fans were even cheering themselves last week—an indulgence reminiscent of the self-applause of Los An-

geles' faithful for being so good at attending games during the Dodgers' pioneer days on the West Coast. In midweek the Yankee Stadium message board advised the 32,610 paying customers that "the Yanks are third and climbing, but our fans are No. 1." "Yaaaaay," cheered the fans. Such displays could be common in the Astrodome or at Riverfront Stadium, but at staid, patrician Yankee Stadium they can only be interpreted as a harbinger of incipient bumptiousness.

There seemed also to be some confusion among the spectators at the Detroit series as to just what sport they were watching. As the Yankees inched into tremulous one-run leads, the fans would chant in unison, "Dee-fense! Dee-fense!" a rallying cry ordinarily heard only at Knick, Jet or Giant games and one hardly suitable to tradition in The House That Ruth Built.

But the most ecstatic spectator responses are reserved for the appearances of a bland and unassuming 28-year-old left-handed relief pitcher named Albert W. (Sparky) Lyle (*see cover*). As in most everything, the Yankees have a rich tradition in relief pitchers—Johnny Murphy, Joe Page, Luis Arroyo. But no past hero of the bullpen was ever accorded the tumultuous receptions Lyle now accepts as a matter of course. Sparky Lyle does not merely come into a game, he commands it.

There is enough ceremony in Lyle's emergence from the bullpen to satisfy a matador. In the distance, beyond the

right center-field fence, there opens the passenger door of a pinstripe-painted Datsun. A man enters. He is carrying a Yankee warmup jacket and is presumably stuffing his face with Red Man chewing tobacco. The fans rustle. Can it be? Their murmuring is the sound of a grant engine. It seems to propel the little car to a designated spot before the Yankee dugout. Some expectant applause. Then Stadium Organist Toby Wright solemnly plays Sir Edward Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*. It is Lyle's theme song. He steps out of the car, handing the jacket to a harboy lackey. As he marches with rolling gait to the mound there is . . . PANDEMONIUM!

Lyle professes to be oblivious to these emotional binges. "I don't hear anything out there," he said after one such triumphant entrance last week. He has a pleasant face and a broad body. "I am looking at Thurman's [catcher Munson's] chest, not the crowd. I am not an emotional person. I can't think about such things. I just throw the ball."

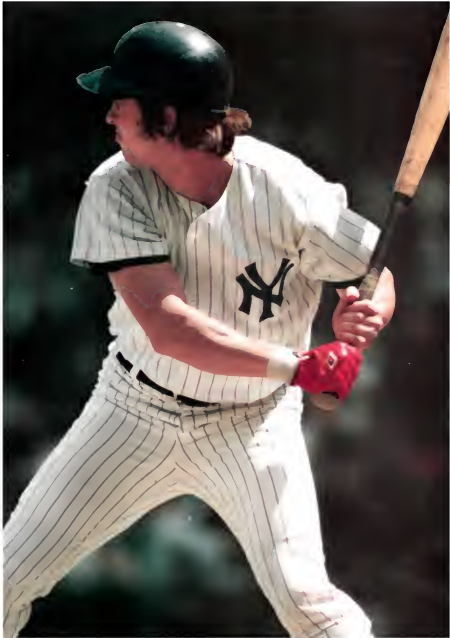
His deeds, not his personality—warm as it may be—are the source of his charisma. Besides four wins, Lyle already has almost 30 saves—a fantastic figure. The entire Yankee relief staff of a year ago had only 12 saves for the season. Sparky has had a hand in more than half of the Yankee victories. And his manager and teammates are no less enthusiastic about him than the most rapt idolater in the grandstand.

"Amazing," they say. "What a guy." After a win last week, Lyle's six-week-old Dalmatian puppy, Sparky, indifferently relieved himself on the thick yellow rug in the Yankee clubhouse. "Hey, Sparky," Outfielder Ron Swoboda called out to Lyle. "You just missed a chance for another save." Characteristically, Lyle cleaned up the mess.

"We have not blown many ball games

continued

Only Bronx Bomber in sight, Bobby Murcer leads the new Yankees in home runs with 18



this year, and that's because of Sparky," says Manager Ralph Houk, who also chews Red Man, not necessarily out of admiration for his star. "He can protect a lead."

Twice against the Tigers, Lyle entered games at the beginning of the ninth inning to preserve one-run leads. Rob Gardner, the first pitcher he replaced, was leading 2-1 and had a two-hitter in progress. Steve Kline, whom he succeeded the next day, had pitched eight innings of shutout ball. Lyle held the Tigers both times, which was fine, but how must the two starters have felt about being removed when they were doing so famously?

"I think I could have finished the game," said Gardner, "but I certainly wouldn't have been as spectacular as Sparky was."

Kline was even more emphatic. "Ralph was right in taking me out. There were a lot of leaves coming up. It would have been the right move even if they hit two homers off Sparky."

Such generous talk is nothing short of blasphemy in the starting pitcher club. But some of Lyle's most vocal rooters are, it turns out, the Yankee starting pitchers. And Sparky did put out the fire last week. Of the three wins over the Tigers, he saved two and received credit for the other in relief of Fritz Peterson. In five innings pitched, he struck out seven and gave up no runs. Lyle had either a win or a save in the last eight Yankee victories by week's end.

The Yankees got him in March from the Red Sox in a trade for Infielder-Outfielder Danny Cater. It is a deal the front office hastily brings to the attention of critics of another, less rewarding transaction—Pitcher Stan Bahnsen, now a 15-game winner, to the White Sox for Third Baseman Rich McKinney, now a minor-leaguer.

"You never hear about Lyle and Cater," Houk says in a tone perilously near a whine. "All you hear about is Bahnsen and McKinney."

Still, McKinney's failure at third served to introduce yet another improbable hero to the new Yankee worshippers—Celerino Sanchez, a 28-year-old rookie who, for reasons still unclear (even to the Yankees), wasted eight years playing in his native Mexico. Sanchez' sudden success as the Yankee third baseman can only be an embarrassment to big-league scouts everywhere. It remained for a newspaperman, one Tomas Morales of Mexico City, to alert the Yankees to this forgotten man. Other major league teams had expressed interest in Sanchez, but his team, the Mexico City Tigres, was reluctant to part with him without proper compensation. Sanchez had to threaten to quit the game before the owners would agree to let him go to the Yankees for a minor-league, Ossie Chavarria, and a nominal sum, estimated at \$25,000.

Still, Sanchez did not win a place on the Yankee roster in spring training, although he was hitting well. "We hadn't seen much of him," team Vice-President Bob Fishel explained. "Besides we'd put such a tremendous price on McKinney, we had to play him."

When McKinney flopped, Sanchez was finally summoned from Syracuse, where he had hit .327 in 43 games despite a leg injury which still troubles him. The Yankees thought of Sanchez as a bat; what they got, at least initially, was a glove. Although he started

slowly, his batting average is now in the .270 range, which is high country in the power-poor AL East. But his fielding has most endeared him to the Yankee hordes.

"He has a great arm," said Houk last week, spitting a contemplative wad of Red Man on the dugout steps. "He has real good hands and he knows what to do with the ball when he gets it. He's played third most of his life, and they play the year round down there, so he has the experience."

Sanchez is positively fearless in the pursuit of the treacherous shots a third baseman must necessarily confront. In the Detroit series alone he was struck on the throat, chest and left arm by nasty hoppers. His torso was a mass of welts and abrasions.

"I've never seen anyone field so many bad hops," said Houk in wonderment. "He's inspiring," said Swoboda, who saw good hops and bad during his days as a Met. "Third base is tough. That man has guts."

To which Sanchez would reply, "Gracias." He speaks no English beyond such rudimentary expressions as "base hit" and "I got out!" This does raise a communication problem. Gardner, for example, sought last week both to thank Sanchez for a fine stop of a bad hop and to commiserate with him for the lump on the chest he received for his trouble. Gardner found himself at a loss for words. "Hang in there," the pitcher said lamely, patting Sanchez on the back. "I couldn't have said much more. I'm not even sure he understood what I said this time."

Sanchez' courageous play at third may be some inspiration for the "dee-fense!" chants. In truth, the Yankee dee-fense does have panache—all those balls plunking into Sanchez' perforated torso; Roy White, a lonely figure in the vast terrain of left field, searching, often vainly, for fly balls lost against the tricky back-drop, and Horace Clarke at second base. One Clarke play last week may, in fact, typify the Yankee dee-fensive style.

In the eighth inning of the final game with the Tigers, there were two outs and runners at first and second, with the Yankees ahead 1-0, when Detroit's Aurelio Rodriguez hit a three-two pitch directly at Yankee Shortstop Gene Michael. Michael, forgetting perhaps that the runners were going with the pitch, flipped the ball to a startled Clarke, who was



Red Swoboda was part of '85 Met miracle.



Courageous play of rookie Celerino Sanchez, here just missing out on Detroit's Ed Brinkman at third, lands style to Yankee infield.

sauntering slowly toward second under the mistaken impression Michael would throw to first. But Clarke reacted instinctively. Recognizing that there was no play at second base, he simply pivoted and fired hard to first, as if completing a double play. The ball arrived a half-step before Rodriguez, saving a run and possibly a loss.

"Something like that doesn't happen too often," Clarke acknowledged later. Not even with the Yankees.

As it is, the defense may be more interesting than the offense, which is hardly Ruthian. When White lofted a Mickey Lolich pitch into the left-field seats in the opener with Detroit, it was just the third home run to left field the Yankees have hit all season. Only Murcer, with 19 home runs, and Ron Blomberg, with 10, may be considered power threats, and Blomberg plays only against right-hand pitching. The Yankees have no .300 hitter.

What then, besides Lyle and divine providence, is keeping them in the race? Pitching, for instance. In Mel Stottlemyre, Peterson, Mike Kekich and Kline, the Yankees have four dependable starters. Kline, in fact, is enjoying an ex-

ceptional year. He has won 13 and lost four, and has earned run average of 1.69 leads major league starting pitchers.

The Yankees also have considerable depth. Houk can platoon the left-hand-hitting Blomberg and the right-hand-hitting Felipe Alou at first base and lefty John Callison and righty Swoboda in right field with no appreciable loss of effectiveness. And in Hal Lanier, Jerry Kenney and Bernie Allen he has three versatile and experienced utility infielders.

Mostly, the Yankees have the division itself working for them. No single team has been able to break away from the pack, and it is conceivable that the division champion eventually will have lost nearly as many games as it has won. The four contenders—Baltimore, Detroit, Boston and the Yankees—are now all barely above .500. Does this indicate strength or weakness?

Strength, says Houk. "This division is a lot stronger than some people anticipated. Cleveland has a lot of tools—all those young players—and Milwaukee has good pitching. It will be a race to the end."

If the Yankees should win it, con-

parisons with the 1969 Mets will be inevitable, although Swoboda, who was there then and here now, insists that the teams have only their low reputations in common.

Recent Yankee clubs, in fact, have looked a bit more like the early Met teams than like the old Yankees. After dominating the game for more than 40 years, the Yankees simply wandered off the pace after the '64 pennant. Even their stadium, once the Taj Mahal of baseball, has been maligned as a relic. And the team, dressed still in the venerated pinstripes, seems a sartorial anachronism in these peacockish days.

But there is new life now in the ball park and the ball club. The three dates with the Tigers drew 95,718 paying customers, the biggest Yankee haul for a single series in five years.

Team President Mike Burke was late for one of the night games. When asked to explain how such a thing could happen to him, he replied happily: "I was caught in a traffic jam. A traffic jam right outside Yankee Stadium? It was delightful!"

They'll cheer anything at Yankee Stadium these days.

END

200 PLUS ON THE LONE PRAIRIE



All ready to roll ahead, Top Fuel dragster looks like it is already half way there.

The deer and the antelope—and a gang of drag racers—were at play as oldtime cowboy-country New Mexico joined a fast new crowd

by HUGH WHALL

The setting is Cowboy Movie Classic: the baked brown Sandia Mountains loom up against the sky, and down the hill a piece lies Albuquerque, traditional watering stop of the old Southwest. A Conestoga wagon would not be out of place. Well, with one stark exception—the wagon would have to roll along at something more than 200 mph, which is what it would have taken to make it in this modern Western scene last weekend. The dragsters were in town.

For all the seeming incongruity of old and new in the backdrop, it was fitting that the thundering, mind-blowing vehicles were assembled there. This year the Albuquerque meet moved into the big time, becoming the fourth of five key divisional events in the National Hot Rod Association's Western Conference leading to the October world finals. And for the top winners in New Mexico there was not only a \$25,000 purse but the points that would get the best of them into the big meet in Amarillo, a really loud contest that everybody knows is drag racing's Super Bowl.

The weekend, Albuquerque's first world championship class whingding, also served to prove that drag racers are adaptable—all they really need is a paved quarter mile in which to hang it all out in terms of going nowhere very fast. The Albuquerque Dragway sprawls dry and barren under 92° heat, and a few grumblers among the contestants complained that the dust was too dusty, penetrating vital engine parts as well as eyes and throats. The clumpy grass on all sides looked, as Driver Larry Brown said, "like it was good for nothing else except maybe smoking."

Still, on Saturday, there was Oklahoman Brown, strapped into his Top Fueler and threatening, as he put it, to wrap the pedal around the bottom of the car. "I'm gonna separate us from \$350 worth of clutch disk," he promised—and away

he flew in a blur: 7.430 seconds for the distance. In terms of speed at the finish line, that translates into the 200s, but the elapsed-time figure converted to only a fourth-fastest standing for Brown going into the Sunday finals. So much for demolishing clutch disks.

While the cowboy-hatted and shirt-sleeved crowd whooped the drivers on, the meet dealt in dizzying speeds divided by mere fractions of seconds. Along came 28-year-old Bill Wigginton of New Orleans to run a 7.355 burst for the No. 2 spot, then Texan Raymond Beadle exploded across the line at 208.80 mph (7.319 seconds ET). And if that didn't destroy enough eardrums in that wide-open country, Dan Rightsell, a 38-year-old from San Antonio, then whipped out a 7.237 for a 207.84 mph peak and took over the role of favorite to win it all in the Sunday final.

Not bad, considering Albuquerque's 4,943-foot altitude, which saps highly tuned engines more than it does humans. Experts in the crowd knew that dragsters are running in the six-plus second bracket at sea levels—but they also knew that the NHRA takes the elevations into consideration when calculating official records speeds.

There were other cars in the meet, of course, notably Funny Cars, which look vaguely stock on the outside but which open like iron clams to show that they're nothing but engine and bones on the inside, and an array of Group II machines ranging from 1927 Model T Fords to local, jazzed-up trucks that apparently spend their time between meets hauling hay bales to the barn. But in anybody's drag meet, the exotic Top Fuelers are clearly the class and, given the look of them, everybody knows immediately that the speeds they run are impossible. Nothing that goofy-looking can possibly go that fast.

A Top Fueler is needle-nosed and runs roughly 18 feet in length. It is nothing but an assemblage of slender, fragile tubing with ridiculously thin wheels up front. Back at the business end are monster-size slick tires, each one 14 inches wide and containing from three to eight pounds of air. There is a driver cage, an engine that ranges from 1,800 to 2,000 horsepower—and a brake parachute which, when triggered, is supposed to hold the car reasonably connected to the world. The Fuelers burn nitromethane—an estimated \$35 worth of the stuff

on every run—and after each dash the engine is a mess; the driver usually changes oil and resets the valves.

But to drag racers like Beadle, who expects to go on to the superfinals, this is the only way to fly. "The start is everything," he says. Typically, Beadle stabs his Fueler toward the start line in short, fierce hiccups, his eye on the Christmas tree. This is a light pole, a vertical string of yellow lights bottomed by a green and a red. A split second after the last yellow blinks out, the green comes on and away he goes. (If he jumps the green, the red comes on and that's the end of that attempt.)

To spectators, it is a towering experience. Glynanna Hans, whose husband Dale is an NHRA director, is as wild as anybody about the emotions involved: "You don't hear it, you *feel* it right here," she says, pointing a finger at her sternum. "I've seen hundreds of these races, but every time that car comes up there I get this feeling all over again. The tension rises higher and higher as the lights go on. Finally, as the engine revolutions go up, I nearly burst until—*woow!* It's gone. I tell you, there's nothing like it in the world because you know that the driver has got to do all the right things and he's only got about six seconds to do them in."

The noise involved in this operation sounds like it might crack open the earth, and the Fueler leaps away in a puff of

bluish smoke. And, roughly seven seconds later, the driver throws out the chute. If it fails to open, "it gets a bit tricky out there," Beadle admits.

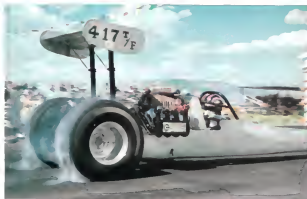
For the finals on Sunday, up the lone dirt road to the dragway came an estimated 9,000 fans, a crowd that, by Albuquerque standards, compares with Indy on a good day. And they sat patiently in the hot, bone-dry 90s under the sort of steely blue sky that only appears over New Mexico, waiting through the preliminaries for the grand finish.

Along about sundown, favorite Rightsell and the others were out of it and the race finally came down to a duel between Beadle and Wigginton. It was as close as racing gets—a matter of Beadle slamming his foot down on the gas just a touch too late. He exploded away and peaked through the clocks at 194.38 mph. Then along came Wigginton, shooting through the quarter mile in 7.2 seconds—hitting 216.86 mph for fastest time of the meet—and that was that.

That brief burst got him a first-place check of \$1,600 to help pay his nitro bill and, more importantly, 600 points toward the world finals plus a first-place standing in the South Central division.

Everyone in drag racing knows that the odds of winning the world title are tough, no matter what the division. But one must never count Wigginton out. After all, at the moment he is the fastest foot in the West.

END



Bursting away, drag racer Raymond Beadle stepped on it—a split second too late.



Summer Guest (5) started slowly and was in last place for half the race as Light Hearted (1) opened a three-length lead. But she moved up

THE GUEST IS BEST AT SARATOGA

Despite the absence of her chief rivals, Summer Guest took a big stride toward recognition as the best 3-year-old filly in the country with a decisive victory in the venerable Alabama Stakes

by WHITNEY TOWER

Even people who don't follow horse racing find themselves mildly entranced each year by the top 3-year-old colts fighting their way through the Triple Crown classics—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Canonero II had the whole nation paying attention a year ago, and Riva Ridge nearly did the same thing this spring. Largely ignored in the meantime are the fillies and mares, who gain recognition only if they race against males and beat them.

"Few racegoers, even regular fans," says Humphrey Finney, the breeding and sales authority, "realize the significance of the classic female races, but they may be more important to the breed than the male classics. Colonel Bradley used to say that the mare was 80% of the mating, and the late Joe Estes proved that the higher the class of the dam, the higher the class of the product. Of top male runners, only one of 10 makes it as an outstanding sire, while six of 10 leading race mares have a good chance to become top broodmares."

Last weekend the fillies and mares had several opportunities to strut their stuff, with the feature events at three important tracks reserved for them. For 2-year-

olds, there was the \$100,000-added Sorority at Monmouth Park, which was won by Sparkalark, a daughter of Cornish Prince out of a Gallant Man mare. A length behind her was previously unbeaten Juke Joint, by Raise a Native out of a Nasrullah mare. (Absent from that race, but likely to be heard from later on, were the Jacinto filly Bold Liz, who last month beat 10 colts in the \$100,000 Hollywood Juvenile, and the Canadian-bred La Prevoyante, a bay filly by Buckpasser out of a full sister to Northern Dancer.)

But the 2-year-olds are really for the future. If it was proven championship ability you were looking for, the place to be last Saturday was Saratoga, where a crowd of 28,382 saw Paul Mellon's 3-year-old Summer Guest win the 92nd running of the Alabama after a thrilling duel with Light Hearted, whose only other loss this season was to Ogden Phipps' Numbered Account. The Alabama, which is the third filly classic won by Summer Guest this year—she had previously taken the Coaching Club American Oaks and the Black-Eyed Susan—lost some of its anticipated luster when Numbered Account and Fred Hooper's impressive Susan's Girl were not

entered. Susan's Girl, a rugged daughter of Quadrangle, has raced from coast to coast this year and has not been out of training for more than 14 months. "We just want to give her a rest," explained Hooper. "We expect that she'll be ready to race again next month at Belmont, and she should be all the better for her rest."

Numbered Account, last year's 2-year-old filly champion, skipped the race to avoid the exhausting task of tackling Summer Guest. Even though she had recovered from a popped splint that forced her out of training for much of the summer and had won her first comeback effort in the Test stakes at Saratoga, Numbered Account was shipped away to meet both fillies and mares in the \$100,000-added Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park. There was no Summer Guest there, although the opposition did include Chou Croute, Alma North, Gratitt, Sydneys Nurse, Sea Saga and last year's winner, Blessing Angelica. There was another lure, too. Summer Guest's winning purse in the tradition-rich Alabama was a modest \$32,640. At Delaware, where Numbered Account finished third behind Blessing Angelica (in faster time at the same distance than Summer Guest had at Saratoga),



strongly under the astute guidance of her jockey, Ron Turcotte, and sought Light Hearted near the finish to win by three-quarters of a length.



the less prestigious race was worth \$74,000 to the winner. Owner Phipps justified his filly's switch to Delaware by saying, "Numbered Account isn't at her peak, and her last work was too fast. Considering that in the Alabama she would have had to carry 121 pounds and in Delaware only 115 and also considering the opposition, I think we made the right decision."

Meanwhile, at Saratoga, it remained for Paul Mellon and Trainer Elliott Burch to discover whether Summer Guest could spot Light Hearted three pounds and an anticipated big early lead and still win. They discovered she could—and brilliantly. At the start Summer Guest went into the air, as she has done before, and lost a good three lengths. Light Hearted, who is by Cyane out of the Cohoes mare Ho Ho, went to the front under jockey Eldon Nelson and passed the first quarter-mile in a leisurely 24½ seconds. Summer Guest and her rider, Ron Turcotte, were in last place, but Turcotte showed no sign of panic. He began his move from the half-mile pole, although the real duel was down the stretch. Summer Guest tried to bear out a little during the last 16th, but Turcotte hand-rode her beautifully to overhaul Light Hearted in the final strides. The slow time of 2:03½ was not significant. What really mattered was the display of heart by the high-weight of the field (Summer Guest carried 121 pounds, Light Hearted 118, the other three starters 114).

Summer Guest's classic triumphs this

summer raise the broodmare value of this daughter of Native Charger and the Heliopolis mare Coe Zee to \$500,000 or more. As a stakes winner herself, her chances of producing stakes winners later on are four times those of a mare who relies to the stud without having won in stakes competition. "I really think that performance is the most important thing in a broodmare," Burch says. "We either try to buy proven mares or develop them ourselves. You want to race the best, and you can't do this if you don't breed or buy the best. This filly was perfect in every way as a yearling and I liked her family. The \$40,000 we paid for her was not unreasonable."

Most horsemen agree that performance counts high in a prospective broodmare, but there are other factors that influence their thinking. Arthur (Bull) Hancock of Claiborne Farm says, "My father operated on the theory that you should acquire daughters of great race mares and sisters to great racehorses. If they can run, so much the better, but if your mare has no pedigree she won't produce. If a filly with a poor pedigree wins a stakes like the Alabama, I don't necessarily want her to breed to. I look on her as a freak because I've always considered the strength of the family stronger than the strength of the individual. Of course, if a good mare fails to meet the challenge of the racetrack, I want to get rid of her, although I might keep her if she failed on the track because of

an accident or something like that."

Leslie Combs of Spendthrift Farm says much the same thing. "To win the Alabama is fine if the filly is out of a great producing family. But I'd prefer to have a mare that never ran in the Alabama, if she had the pedigree, than a mare who won the Alabama but who was not out of a great family."

Canada's E. P. Taylor says, "No matter what a filly's performance is on the racetrack, I would not keep her for the stud unless she also had the pedigree and the conformation." Taylor and John Gaines, one of Kentucky's leading market breeders, agree that in most foreign countries pedigree is considered more important than performance. But, adds Gaines, "I want my broodmares to perform on the racetrack, too, because it shows they are sound. Soundness, after all, is what we are trying to achieve." Burch seconds that idea. "We are producing the best horses in the world because they have to be sound to withstand our long seasons."

Although Summer Guest may yet fail to win a championship this year or next, she looks to be on the way, no matter what the fillies who ducked her last week do from now on. For one thing, she certainly has the pedigree to go with her performance, what with Native Dancer as one grandsire and Heliopolis and Hyperion on both sides of her family tree. Trainer Johnny Nerd points out, "If you win the Oaks and the Alabama, you've got it made. Bad fillies just don't win those races."

END

WHEN YOU'RE NO. 2, YOU DIET

When Jurgensen was hurt, Billy Kilmer became the No. 1 Redskin quarterback. However, don't count Sonny out, he's counting calories

by RON REID

Since the city is Washington, D.C., where the elected inhabitants adopted the expedient ways of the chameleonee sometime during the first Whig administration, a reversal of form should be anything but suspect. Yet the phenomenon of a playboy coming on like a Trappist monk has generated both skepticism and excitement from Chevy Chase to Arlington. The reformed character is Christian Adolph (Sonny) Jurgensen, best known as a quarterback for the Washington Redskins and, as such, without peer in the art of throwing a football. Now in his 16th NFL season, Jurgensen has lost none of his skill at flipping a pass over or around a defender and into a teammate's mitts—an art which has resulted in 2,200 completions, 29,502 yards and 236 touchdowns. In brief, he is the NFL's No. 1 passer and, if that statement outrages fans of Johnny Unitas, think how the folks feel who sign Joe Namath's paychecks.

There is little argument, however, that at 37 Sonny is a changed man. A free spirit for whom training rules have, at times, been just too vexing, Jurgensen this year has been one of the hardest-working, cleanest-living members of the Redskins. Jack Armstrong, it would seem, has gone into the game for Hugh Hefner.

To appreciate the new Jurgensen, it is necessary to remember the old—the guy whose identifying mark was a six-pack gut. That Jurgensen, rumor has it, paid enough fines to meet the taxi squad's payroll and sneaked out of camp so of-



Playing the first half, Kilmer (above) led Washington to two touchdowns and a field goal against Denver, as did Jurgensen in the second half, but while Sonny led better stats.



ten that his room in the players' dorm came with a sublease.

But that was before the Redskins' fifth exhibition game last year, when Sonny went down and out with a left-shoulder injury that sidelined him nearly the entire season. Like Namath, he got hurt trying to make a tackle, and the crushing blow to his athletic ambition may have stung his ego worse, since the Redskins rallied behind the quarterbacking of Billy Kilmer, who took the team to the playoffs with a 9-4-1 record, its best in 29 years. "The one thing I wanted to do was bring a winner to Washington," Jurgensen says wryly, "and I guess I did by getting hurt."

In his only 1971 start, which came in the 11th game, Jurgensen reinjured his shoulder and ended the year with but 16 completions for 170 yards and no touchdowns. Sonny, it should also be recalled, holds the NFL single-season record of 288 completions and has passed for 3,000 yards in five different seasons.

Noe was Sonny's existence blessed by any solace from George Allen, a coach whose approach to football precludes even cursory interest in Vietnam, busting, recycling or Fischer-Spasek—not to mention football players who can't play football. When the Redskins went off on a road trip, George left Sonny behind with, reputedly, the excuse that he didn't want him to get hurt on the sidelines. In Washington, Allen urged Sonny to sit in the stands with his family until Jurgensen convinced his coach that, like an injured Unitas and Namath, he could lend vocal support from the bench.

Thus, in 1972, Jurgensen has come to camp a new man. For the first time since 1966, he weighs less than 200 pounds and his belly is nearly flat. Sonny's last drink was knocked below Allen called his players to training camp. By then he had announced that Kilmer was still his No. 1 quarterback.

"That's the way it should be," Jurgensen says. "The fellow who did the job has it until someone takes it away, and you do that with performance."

So, as No. 2, Jurgensen may be trying harder, but there is nothing new about his lust to excel, as evidenced by his work in preseason routs of Baltimore and Denver. Playing in the second half after Kilmer worked the first, Jurgensen has given credence to Allen's claim that the Redskins have the best one-two quarterback punch in the game.

Indeed, the competition has resulted in a dead heat; during their respective half-game stints, each quarterback has twice directed the team to a pair of touchdowns and a field goal.

Fortunately for Washington, Kilmer and Jurgensen are friends with great respect for one another. Says Jurgensen: "Billy's a very good quarterback. He knows his position and he's a leader. We try to help each other. This competition is going to make us better." Says Kilmer: "Sure, Sonny wants to play as much as I do, and it's going to help us because each of us can move the club. There's not that much difference between us that way. He's a better passer than I am, but we move the club in different ways. There's no animosity between us. We could split the team up if we let it get unfriendly. Winning is the objective, not who's going to play."

It is doubtful that one club ever had two quarterbacks with such disparate styles and got the same degree of effectiveness from each. Kilmer, voted Most Valuable Redskin last season, makes up in gung-ho leadership for his aesthetic failings as a passer. A Kilmer pass, in its wobbling flight, conjures up memories of Bobby Layne and Joe Kapp, while Billy's fiery inducements to his teammates are reminiscent of the take-charge attitudes of, right, Joe Kapp and Bobby Layne.

And while Kilmer's passes aren't pretty, they were good for 2,221 yards and 13 touchdowns a year ago, sixth in the NFL and ahead of John Brodie, Roman Gabriel and Fran Tarkenton. A more valid complaint is that Billy's offensive direction generally requires more time, but the Redskins can afford it since they have a stout defense and a great bunch of running backs.

By contrast, Jurgensen plies his trade almost aloofly, but he can strike like lightning with unerring passes that sometimes seem to be delivered from a point no higher than his Adam's apple.

"If you're talking about passing the football, there's nobody better than Sonny," says Bobby Mitchell, a Washington scout who, as a Redskin, led the league in 1962 with 72 receptions. "There may be some guys who can throw the ball longer, but I'm talking about the passing game from 10 to 20 yards out, when the receivers are running slants and stuff so that you've got to get the ball to their hands. He's the best. He drops back with that ball low in the saddle

and he can ship it past a defensive man before he knew what happened."

Late Friday night in Washington's Kennedy Stadium, Kilmer and Jurgensen superbly demonstrated their respective styles in a 41-0 humiliation of the Denver Broncos. While each put 17 points on the board before No. 3 quarterback Sam Wyche unleashed a 52-yard touchdown pass with 1:34 left in the game, the best job was turned in by Jurgensen, whose first pass of the night resulted in a 65-yard scoring play to Tommy Mason. Eight minutes later, a 70-yard Redskin drive was culminated by Jurgensen's 16-yard touchdown pass to Tight End Jerry Smith. For the half-night, Sonny completed six of seven for 144 yards and made it look easy.

Kilmer overthrew his receivers seven times and completed only six of 17, but, while one Redskin drive consumed almost eight minutes and 68 yards before ending in a field goal, Billy showed some lightning of his own when he drove the team to a touchdown in 96 seconds after an interception, the last play being a six-yard pass to Roy Jefferson.

One suspects, however, that Kilmer will have to throw all 17 passes to a beer vendor before Allen seriously entertains any thought about changing his status. If the Redskins win, George sticks with his people as resolutely as he trades draft choices—including those he doesn't have—for players long in the tooth. "I don't think there will be any rookies making our team," he said last week. "Nobody's going to get experience at my expense."

Of his quarterbacks, Allen said, "So far they've been excellent. Each will continue to play a half. Quarterback has never been a problem, as long as you pick one guy so that the other players know what they have to work at."

But won't sitting on the bench get Sonny down?

"If we're winning, it doesn't matter what one individual feels or not," said Allen. "As long as we win, it wouldn't bother me."

Later that evening, Jurgensen sat in the lobby of the Dulles Marriott Hotel Turning down several teammates' invitations to join them for a drink, Sonny said, "They're really putting me to the test tonight. I've got an outside room at the far end of the corridor, with a door to the outside." Then he chuckled and went off to make bed check. **END**

Gymnastics may be the one sport—diving might be



the other—which should be performed in the nude. Gymnastics is simply and wholly grace, beauty,

strength, a glorification and exaltation of the human body. Thus, Cathy Rigby, the best U.S. hope for a medal at the Olympics

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

SUGAR AND SPICE— AND IRON

A week before the final Olympic women's gymnastic trials in Long Beach, Calif., Bud Marquette, coach of the Southern California Aero Team—or SCATs—whose best and most publicized member is Cathy Rigby, received an anonymous letter.

It read in part: "PLEASE quit cramming Rigby down our throats! To you, she is your baby, to us, she is just another gymnast—nothing more. You have built her up so—big, it is getting to be pretty ridiculous . . .

"We, as a group . . . are planning a trip to Long Beach, but for God's sake don't ruin our trip by making the competition a one-deal thing—namely, Rigby. Remember, there IS Metheny, Pierce and Chace. Where does that leave Rigby . . . ? It would be too bad if she broke a leg, etc. . . what would you do then . . . ? Rigby is a smart aleck. She can't even speak to people anymore. You have made her that way . . . You should teach your team (what team?) . . . respect for other people. They walk out on the floor and think they can take over any piece of equipment. . . .

"As far as we are concerned, Metheny will be (and is) No. 1—but, with the polines involved, I imagine Rigby has already been nominated.

"We will be there—and watching. Maybe Rigby will break her big toe—oh, too bad."

—A group of FED-UPS

Last March, Cathy Rigby was on the semi-final Olympic

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

pie Trails at Terre Haute, Ind., beating Linda Metheny, a 25-year-old veteran of two Olympics. Last May, in the finals at Long Beach, she fell during her dismount in the compulsory bar exercises on the second day of competition. As usual, she stalled her straddle on the high bar longer than anybody else, but this time too long. Her toe slipped under the bar and she fell 7½ feet head-first. The spotter, who was on his knees instead of standing ready to catch, was able to put a hand on her and save her neck. Cathy had never fallen on her dismount before. Instead of 9.8 points she received 8.3 and lost her lead to Linda.

On the third day, she made up points in each event, regaining the lead on the beam when Linda lost her balance. Then, in the floor exercises, the last event of the day, Cathy started out with an Arabian, a half-turned front flip. "When I landed, I heard something pop in my ankle," she says. "It didn't hurt right away, but I felt weak. I couldn't really push." When the event was over, she was still in first place by one-tenth of a point. She limped off the floor and was taken to a hospital where X rays revealed she had pulled the ligaments in her right ankle. She could not compete on the fourth and final day. Roxanne Pierce won the trials, Metheny was second, Kim Zmeskal third. After deliberating, the U.S. Olympic Gymnastics Committee decided that Rigby would be one of the six regular members on the Olympic team. One week after the trials, she was training again.

Bud Marquette likes to say about Cathy, "I never had anyone like her, and I guess I'll never find another one, either. She is the typical little American girl. A nice, clean kid. The American ideal. Something like Shirley Temple."

Cathy's palms are calloused from working out on the bars. She picks at the calluses and she bites her nails. "I can't wear rings," she says, "because my hands are so ugly."

"She sucked her thumb until she was 11," says her mother.

Cathy Rigby falls asleep on airplanes and jerks in her seat. "I dream about my routines," she says, "and I guess I jerk when I fall."

Obviously, Cathy has not been al-

lowed to date until after the Olympics, but this week she disclosed her engagement to Tommy Mason, 33, the former All-Pro running back who now plays for the Washington Redskins. "I met him two years ago," Cathy says. "We hardly ever went out. We always had dinner at home with my parents. I thought Bud didn't know, and I was afraid to tell him."

"I've known about it for nearly a year," says Marquette. "The other day we had a real good daughter-daddy talk and I said, you have to bring it out into the open, but it can't interfere with your training. Since we had that talk her work-overs have been out of sight."

Cathy will not see Mason again until after the Olympics. "He's in training camp," she says, "and he has a 10 o'clock curfew, too."

In June, 1971, Cathy graduated from high school where she had a B average. She briefly attended Long Beach City College. "If you go to school you have to get up so early," she says.

When she was a child, her parents wanted her to play the piano. "I was supposed to practice one hour a day," she says, "but I could never sit still for that."

Cathy Rigby trains eight hours a day, seven days a week. Because of her total commitment to gymnastics, her "great control over mind and body," as one teammate puts it, and her lack of fear—complemented by the coordination without which no one should ever try a flip-flop—she has, at age 19, become the finest female gymnast in the U.S. Four years ago, at the Mexico City Olympics, she was suspected of being merely the mascot of the American team; she is 4' 11". At Munch she will be a contender in two of the four women's events and America's No. 1 hope for an individual gold medal on the beam or the bars or both. "In 1968, it was all fun and games," says Cathy, who placed 16th in the all-around. "This time it's serious business."

Cathy is the third child of Anna Rigby, who is Cathy's size, and Paul Rigby, who is 6' 1". Cathy was born two months prematurely on Dec. 12, 1952. At birth she weighed four pounds. She had collapsed lungs, and during the first five years of her life she was often critically ill with bronchitis and pneumonia. "We

almost lost her several times," says her mother. "but she always came back. Cathy and I are very close and a lot alike. I don't admit defeat in anything, and neither does she."

Cathy roller-skated when she was 18 months old. At five she wanted to ride a bicycle but could not stay on. "She fell off all the time," says Mrs. Rigby, "but she never gave up."

When the SCATs compete away from home, Cathy's teammates like to go to a movie on the eve of the competition. She prefers to watch television in her hotel room and eat candy. She likes Milk Duds and M & M's.

"Cathy has a list of things she wants to do after Munch," says Mrs. Rigby. "She wants to go skiing and horseback riding, and she wants to make a quilt."

"After the Olympics I might try sky-diving," says Cathy. "That would really scare me. They would probably have to push me out of the plane, and I would hope they'd push me. You know Bud would already have told everybody, 'She can do it.'"

Marquette frequently talks with amazement of Cathy's lack of fear. "When she does a trick," he says, "she never stops halfway. She always follows through. I could tell her to jump out of a fifth-floor window, and she would do it. Of course, she would expect me to be there to catch her."

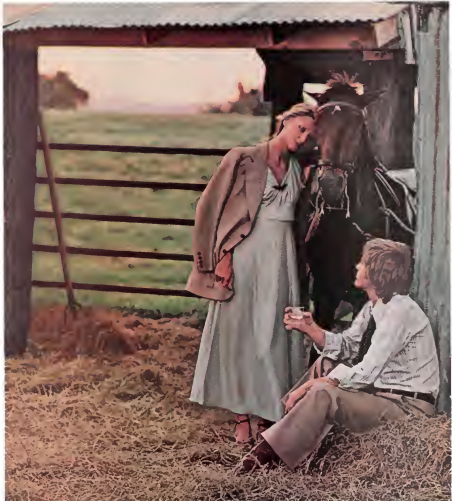
Cathy Rigby weighs between 89 and 93 pounds. Her measurements are 32-23-31. She has 17" thighs. She wears a size three junior petite. Marquette calls her "Peanut" or "Shrimp."

"He doesn't want me to grow up," says Cathy.

"It changes the center of gravity," says Marquette, "and she may never regain her former sense of balance. Cathy still looks the way she did nine years ago when she joined the SCATs."

If Cathy Rigby had to write a composition entitled "What Gymnastics Means to Me," it would read like this: "Gymnastics has been my whole life. The best of it is that it has kept me from being bored. It has helped me set goals for myself and become a better person. Because I have to discipline myself and go down to the gym every day, I am happy with myself. It also helps me

continued



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to do something for other people—for my coach and my family. I can make them be happy with me. I am getting an education out of it, just by being able to see what goes on in other countries, instead of reading about it. Because of gymnastics I am probably, right now, living the best part of my life. I don't think I will ever get a chance again to do as much as I do now."

However, she never had to write such a composition, which is the penalty imposed by Marquette upon any SCAT "who breaks the contract."

Marquette has set up such obvious rules as "no alcoholic beverages" and "no smoking," but the contract also includes a 10.30 p.m. curfew which is sometimes hard to observe. Therefore, he makes a point of calling up parents at night to make sure their daughters are home. "There is never any trouble with Cathy," he says.

Journalists have called Cathy Rigby "Pixie," "Kewpie doll" and "Barbie doll," much to her embarrassment. Still, since her blonde hair began to darken, she has dyed it regularly "to keep up the image" she says. "I would like to let my hair grow, but Bud wouldn't let me." Long hair is frowned upon by gymnastics judges. Cathy keeps her pigtail pinned back and fastened so tightly with ribbons that she gets headaches.

Cathy used to be a specialist on the balance beams. Now she is just as proficient on the uneven bars. In the floor exercises and side-horse vaulting, where taller women have an advantage, she is working on new, difficult moves to compensate for her lack of height.

"I think that *Brev Barrel Polka* music she has chosen for her floor ex is dreadful," one coach said recently. "It will be a flop in Europe. It's just too cute." Rigby points out that Vera Caslavskia of Czechoslovakia, who won four gold medals in 1968, did her floor exercises to the *Mexican Hat Dance*. "The Mexicans loved it," she says, "so I thought the Germans would like a polka."

In Munich, Rigby's competition will be East Germany's Karin Janz and Erika Zuchold and Russia's Ludmila Turishcheva and Tansira Lazakovitch.

In the 1970 World Games at Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, Rigby won the first medal ever by an American woman, a

silver on the beam. She beat Janz in that event and also Turishcheva who became all-around world champion. Cathy has won in Tokyo, Johannesburg and London. Last spring she competed against Russian and Czechoslovakian teams in Riga and won the beam over Lazakovitch. She also placed third in both the bars and the all-around.

Recently, Linda Metheny was quoted as saying, "I beat Cathy every time we competed before the 1968 Olympics, and two out of three since then. Her coach wouldn't let her compete against me, except when he thought I was ill or injured."

Last April, at the conclusion of the AAU championships in Billings, Mont., a group of high school girls presented Rigby with a ceramic poodle and a greeting card which read: "Cathy, best of luck in Munich! We can't believe you really came to Billings because nothing this great has ever happened." She had not even won. Metheny had beaten her for the all-around title by two-tenths of a point.

A week later Cathy appeared on the cover of *Life*. Since 1968 she has been on just about every TV show from *How's My Life* to Johnny Carson to Dick Cavett. European newspapers have displayed her on their front pages and called her "one in a million."

In Tuscola, Ill., Linda Metheny's hometown, people wonder why she has never been paid that kind of attention. After all, Linda tied for fourth on the beam in Mexico City and has won the AAU championships five times.

"Cathy Rigby has her own publicity agent and a personal public relations committee," explained the local *News-Gazette's* sports editor recently. He was wrong on both counts.

Linda and Cathy have not often met in AAU championships because Marquette has been lighting the AAU for many years and frequently boycotts its meets. In 1962 he and some other coaches formed the U.S. Gymnastics Federation. It is now the governing body of gymnastics, and the USGF championships, not the AAUs, are the true nationals. One week after Billings, Cathy won the USGF all-around title in Statesboro, Ga. Linda did not compete.

Among the things fans do to express

their admiration, one strikes Cathy as particularly silly. "That is when they have me sign their hands," she says. "It's the weirdest thing and kind of embarrassing and so silly since you wash it off anyway."

At Mexico City, Cathy was so mobbed by autograph hunters that she tried to disguise herself by wearing her mother's clothes. It didn't work.

The day after her loss at the AAU meet, Cathy and Marquette had a talk.

Marquette: "I know you feel bad. You think about all the time and hard work you put in and you may wonder why you do it. It's all part of the game. Now we go home and we just have to work harder."

Rigby: "Where do we fit it in?"

Marquette: "We've got to do something with that vault."

Rigby: "Maybe just a harder run and put the board back."

Marquette: "I just don't want you to feel bad. It's not your fault."

Rigby: "There's not much you can do about it."

Marquette (kissing her cheek): "I don't want you to feel bad."

Rigby: "I don't feel bad."

Marquette: "It's nothing. The one we are thinking about is the Russian, Turishcheva."

"When Cathy came to me in 1963," says Marquette, "she came in shorts and bare feet. She looked just like a ragamuffin. All she could do was cartwheels. In about two months she was better than girls who had been training for two years. She never fooled around. She would have excelled no matter what."

"Cathy finally got over her bouts with pneumonia," says Mrs. Rigby, "and from the age of five she was a healthy child. She was so goddamned active. Always on top of the refrigerator. Even when she fell, she would just climb back up again. There were many times when she cracked her head open, and we were forever rushing her to the emergency room at the hospital. I think she is so fearless because I never believed in giving my children anything to worry about. I never said, 'Don't do that, you'll get hurt.'"

"Absolutely anybody could have made of Cathy what she is today," says Marquette.

continued

If Marquette had to write a composition entitled, "What Gymnastics Means to Me," he would probably start: "Gymnastics is my whole hobby. I also work in my spare time." A little man who likes to describe himself as "retund," he manages to look amused and worried at the same time. He refuses to reveal his age, but it is about 53. He grew up in Rochester, Pa., a small town near Pittsburgh, in the traditions of German immigrant sects and the local Turners. He considers himself a spiritual descendant of Turnwater Jahn (Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, who revived gymnastics in Germany in 1806 and is known as the father of the sport). Marquette worked in steel mills, taught gymnastics and competed. "I was national champion sometime in the '30s," he says obscurely. In 1956 Marquette was an assistant Olympic women's coach.

When he returned from Melbourne, he stopped in Long Beach to visit friends. There he discovered that people were swimming in the ocean in the middle of winter. Back in Rochester, he surprised his wife Ethel and his three children by announcing, "We're shoveling coal and snow, and they're swimming out there. I'm going!" Ethel objected, but not as much as relatives who were outraged when the Marquettes sold their 134-year-old house. Now Marquette holds an eight-hour-a-day job as a maintenance supervisor at the Long Beach library. He also coaches every day.

Cathy Rigby joined the Brownies and started ballet lessons when she was eight. One day in 1964 she asked her father to take her to a trampoline class. Paul Rigby had got used to refrigerator climbing and jumping off swings, but he was impressed when he watched Cathy on the trampoline. "On the very first night she was doing backflips!" he says. Not long after, the tumbling coach told him to take her to Marquette.

"Cathy used to aggravate the whole family," says Mrs. Rigby. "When she got into an argument, she would keep repeating back what one said. Her sister Mitche was much taller, yet, when they had fights, Cathy would always be the last one to hit back."

"She was her grandfather's favorite grandchild. They would go on long walks together. When I wanted to spank her,

my father would put his hands over her bottom."

Marquette started his club 10 years ago and decided to coach only girls because, "Boys have so much going for them in sports—football, baseball, basketball. Girls are always put down."

"I envy Marquette," says Armando Vega, a former Olympian and now men's gymnastics coach at LSU. "If I could start it all over again, I would become a girls' coach also. Girls are much more rewarding because they are fanatics."

"I would say that girls are very adaptive toward regimentation," says Marquette's assistant, Doug Mead, "but you have to know how far you can go. Bud's tactics are to hit them hard and then lay off."

"When Cathy pushes her chin forward and puts on that little bulldog face," says Marquette, "I know I have to leave her alone."

A friend recently asked Rigby what she likes to do most during her spare time. "Just sitting without having anything to do," she answered, "and not having to talk."

Every year Marquette and the SCATs travel around the U.S. or Europe, putting on shows, much like the Ice Capades, for donations. "Last year we covered 14,000 miles in the U.S.," says Marquette. "We were in 38 cities. Every night they performed in a big arena or in some little dinky place on all kinds of equipment. They are pros."

During her travels Rigby sees little more than gyms. "I can tell you about every gym in the world," she says. "There are also a lot of castles in Europe. Every town seems to have one, and they all look alike." When the SCATs were in Edinburgh, they visited a tomb at the castle. Cathy lay down on it. In Switzerland, at a wax museum, she slipped under the rope and posed with the statues.

Cathy commutes between her home in Los Alamitos and the gym in Long Beach in a white-and-blue Pinto. She lives in a burgundy-colored house with her parents, one brother, a sister, a dog, a gopher snake, an alligator named Beauregard Frump, a desert tortoise and a monkey. There was once a duckling which drowned in a bucket of water

where Cathy had left it while she was at school. "I didn't know ducks couldn't swim that long," she says.

Every afternoon at four o'clock Cathy rushes home from the gym for two hours to prepare dinner for the family. One reason for this is that she loves to cook, another is that her mother has been partially paralyzed for 21 years. Anita Rigby contracted polio while she was pregnant with her second child. She could not walk for many years, and even today needs crutches.

Two and a half years ago Mr. Rigby lost his job as an aeronautical engineer in a general layoff at Douglas, and his wife became the main breadwinner for the family, which included five children. She made \$110 a week as a material analyst at Douglas, while her husband helped out by working as a truck driver and a bartender.

Cathy Rigby never had much spending money, and she never dared ask for more than a couple of dollars when she left on trips. She made money baby-sitting and saved her \$3 per diem so she could buy Christmas presents. One year she returned from Japan with a 36-piece china set for her parents. She hand-carried it so that it would not break. Paul Rigby was hired by North American last April.

Cathy likes reading short stories. The only novel she has ever read is *The Godfather*. "I read mostly Psycho-type stories with endings that I don't expect," she says. Her favorite TV show is *Tri-light Zone*. She used to enjoy monster movies but now finds them too unrealistic. "Now I like scary movies, like *Wail Until Dark*," she says. She prefers folk music over rock, but currently her favorite song is Roberia Flack's *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face*. "I'm sentimental," she says.

"She sells herself short on her scholastic ability," says Mrs. Rigby. "She has read a lot of mythology."

Cathy gets fan mail and phone calls every day. Recently, her mother answered the phone and was asked by a young man in Texas, "Would Cathy answer me if I wrote to her?"

"She is able to keep her mind free of worries," says Doug Mead. "She doesn't get upset if she is given a lower score than she deserves." "I have my next event to worry about," says Cathy.



BESIDES AMO AND THE MONKEY, THE RIGBYS OWN BEAUREGARD PRUMP, AN ALLIGATOR

"I feel they have underscored me as often as they have overscored me."

"She does not show happiness or sadness," says Mrs. Rigby. "She is not an extrovert and has trouble expressing herself. You can only tell how she feels by looking at her eyes. [Her eyes are brown though she is often described as a blue-eyed blonde.] The SCATs used to have a clown act in their exhibition shows. One year Cathy was put in it, but you could tell she didn't like it. So they had to take her out of it."

Mrs. Rigby says the happiest day in her daughter's life was when she won the silver medal at the World Games. "She won it as a cable," Mrs. Rigby says. "It read, 'Have won second place on beam, the silver medal for the U.S. and you.'"

Unlike many of her teammates, Cathy Rigby does not travel with a mascot in her tote bag. "Bud has a little doll that

looks like a preacher," she says. "He shows it to me every time before I compete. But I feel the more you practice, the luckier you get."

"Cathy can do 50 beam routines before big audiences and never fall," says Marquette. However, if she did fall, he would not be there to see it. He has not watched a beam event since she became known as a beam specialist. "I don't enjoy that particular event," he says. "One fall and all that work down the drain. It makes me go tutti-frutti."

In 1968 Mr. and Mrs. Rigby traveled to Mexico City to watch Cathy in the Olympics. Mrs. Rigby had to be carried by her husband and an usher to her seat. "I cried all through the bar routine," she says. "I knew she wouldn't do her *somme*, because she had nothing going, and she didn't do it."

During the past nine years gymnastics has been a way of life for the Rigbys. At first the piano was sold to raise money for a set of uneven bars. Then Mr. Rigby built a balance beam which still stands under the willow tree in the backyard. The shelves in the living-room bar gradually collected trophies, rather than liquor bottles. Cathy's older sister, Matchie, became a gymnast and married a gymnastics coach. When her younger sister, Jill, was still a baby, she slept on a mat at the gym while Mrs. Rigby watched Cathy's workouts. "Growing up in a gym, she had to become a gymnast, too," says Mrs. Rigby. "but I would prefer it if she was in another sport. In gymnastics she'll always be Cathy's sister." Now 10, Jill has joined the Mini SCATs. Only Cathy's brothers Steve and Jeff reversed the trend. Steve played baseball, and Jeff runs track.

"Gymnastics has made Cathy a considerate person," says Mrs. Rigby. "No matter how tired she is, she will always sign autographs. But she hates people who don't say 'please' and 'thank you.'"

There are times when Cathy Rigby thinks about her financial future, but not too seriously. Two months ago she started a savings account with a \$60 deposit. She now has a balance of \$3. "They are charging me 50¢ for overactivity," she says.

Marquette likes to tell his SCATs, "We only live for today. There may be no tomorrow." "He wants us to realize," says Cathy, "that this is the happiest time in our lives. Afterward we'll have 50 years left to do all the things we can't do now."

Following the AAU meet, Marquette received a letter from George Lewis, a gymnastics coach in Seattle. It read in part: "We have known each other for many years, but for the first time I think I understand some of your thinking. ... I now feel you have built up Cathy a great young lady, not just for Cathy or Bud but for the prestige of the U.S.A. You know that all this hard work could go down the tube with thoughtless judges or an extra risk at a meet."

"Please give my deep regards to Cathy for her great understanding of her coach and her patience. This is a remarkable thing for a young lady to have." **END**

IMAGES IN A HALL OF MIRRORS

Up with the rising tide the bonefish come to the flats, sometimes silently in twos and threes—the biggest ones singly, hunting alone—at other times in large schools making faint, trembling wakes as they move in to feed. From below, Artist Stanley Meltzoff, dressed in his black scuba suit, watches them in their own habitat. With a brilliant sun above, most of this world of the bonefish is in shadow except for thin zones so concentrated with light that it seems they would be capable of setting paper afire if they could be captured and held still. The silvery scales of the bonefish reflect the light and to Meltzoff the effect is reminiscent of the Hall of Mirrors in Versailles—an infinite depth of light and motion. Thomas McGuane sees the bonefish in a different way, with an angler's eye, more subjectively, and his essay on the rewards—and hazards—of the hunt follows Meltzoff's paintings.

CONTINUED

Bonefish start life as transparent, ribbon-shaped larvae, then grow smaller and take on the appearance of the adult. Here a group of juveniles seeks the protection of a conch shell. A snakefish lurks below them as a West Indian sardine swims by.



Both bonefish and permit are bottom feeders and are sometimes found on the same flat nosing about at search for crustaceans. Below, two permits—a chunk of conch and a live shrimp—are presented to a group of bones that are busy drying the clear water with coral reefs in their hunt for delicacies. This and the fact that their tails and dorsal fins often show above the water as they feed—enables anglers to find this otherwise well-camouflaged fish.







AN UNOBTUSIVE, SHADOWY PRESENCE

One is tempted to think of bonefish as among the wildest of creatures, if a sensory apparatus calculated to separate them continually from man's presence qualifies them as "wild." Yet when the serious angler insinuates himself into the luminous, subaqueous universe of the bonefish well enough to catch one without benefit of accident, he has, in effect, visited another world, a world whose precise cycles and conditions appear so serene to the addled 20th-century angler that he begins to be consoled for all he has done to afford the trip in the first place. In his imagination he is emphatic about emptiness, space and silence. He is searching less for recreation than for a kind of stillness.

Only the utterly initiated think the bonefish is handsome. Those new to or stupid about the sport think the fish is silly looking, but those who know it will consider the bonefish radiant with a nearly celestial beauty. To me, it seems so perfectly made for both its terrain and my needs as a fisherman that it has the specialness of design seen in experimental aircraft. The nose, it is true, has a curious slant and there is an undershot mouth that we, with our anthropocentrism, associate with lack of character, but after a while you see that the entire head is rather hydrodynamic and handsomely vulpine. The body is sturdy, often a radiant gray-green above and pure silver on the sides. The tail, like the fins, is frequently a gunmetal gray and is oversized and powerful, as exaggeratedly proportioned to its size as are the fish's speed and power.

A bonefish doesn't jump. From the fish's point of view, the jump is a wasteful and often ruinous adventure. Tarpon customarily wreck themselves jumping, which is the only thing that permits the large ones to be taken on light tackle at all. So people who like to be photographed with all the spectacle associated with themselves, their fishing paraphernalia and their catch, ought to forget bonefish and concentrate on tarpon. When you hang a tarpon up at the dock, it will suck the gawkers off the highway like a vacuum

cleaner. A dead bonefish at dockside scarcely draws flies.

It took me a month to catch my first bonefish, and I regret to say that I killed it and put it in the freezer. For a long time, at the drop of a hat, I would take it out, rigid as a fungo bat, to show to my friends. One said it was small. Another noted that the freezer had given it sunken eyes and a morbid demeanor. I asked how you could speak of demeanor in something which had departed this world. It was the last bonefish I kept.

Hard as it may be to believe, the bonefish leads his life in his extensive multiocean range quite without reference to the angler. For example, off the coast of Hawaii he has largely betaken himself to great depths where he is of no earthly use to the light tackle fisherman. His poor manners extend to the African coast where he reveals himself occasionally to cut-bait anglers of the high surf who smother his fight with pyramid sinkers that a Wyoming wrangler might use to keep the horses right handy.

For these transgressions of ordinary decency the human race can best revenge itself upon the bonefish in the shallows of Central America, the Bahamas and the Florida Keys. From a topographical perspective, the immensely distributed bonefish seems to be all over the place but the angler will generally settle for one. At any given moment, the angler will resort to low tricks and importuning the deity for a lone some single. In the back of his mind, he recalls that marine biologists describe the bonefish as "widely distributed." It doesn't help.

The marine shallows where the bonefish spends much of its existence from the transparent larval stage to maturity are accessible only to the fisherman or scientist who wades or transports himself in a light skiff over the sand and turtle grass. As much delicacy of approach is required of these observers as is of the ornithologist. It is this essential condition that makes bonefishing almost generically different from offshore angling.

Unlike almost any other game fish, the bonefish is not sought where he lives. Bonefish live in deep water; they only do some of their feeding on the flats. A trout fisherman, for example, seeking a particular fish would attempt to ascertain where that fish lived, in which pool or under which log. The bonefisherman never has any idea where a particular fish lives; he attempts to find combinations of tide and place that are used by feeding bonefish. Occasionally, a particular fish will appear with certain regularity, but this is exceptional.

Flats used by feeding bonefish are flooded by tide. They

(continued)

As the dropping tide exposes the bonefish more and more to his most persistent enemies—man and barracuda—he becomes less inclined to take the offered bait. Yet even off the flats he is never completely safe, for there in deeper water lurks another predator, the shark.

JOCK ITCH ISN'T SOMETHING TO BE TREATED LIGHTLY.



Jock Itch is a fungus with fun. It can leave one—sorry. It can keep a man's back even though you try all manner of "remedies," from talc powder to petroleum jelly.

But you can get fast relief with Crux®. The spray-on medicated powder speeds ally made to fight Jock Itch.

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SPECIALLY FORMULATED TO FIGHT JOCK ITCH.**

Now you can work out with the same remarkable exerciser Bart Starr uses—

and our Astronauts used in space! Joe Garino, Director of Physical Conditioning for the Astronauts, had a problem: how to keep his charges fit during the long journey in space.

The answer: EXER-GYM—isometric/isotonic exerciser that's light, compact, portable and exercises the entire body. It adjusts to fit the individual user and can be used anywhere.

Bart Starr, quarterback for the Green Bay Packers, works out daily with EXER-GYM. Now you too can let EXER-GYM put you and your family back in shape and help you have a firm, healthy and athletic body. Work out anywhere—at home, in your office, while traveling. EXER-GYM comes with Bart Starr's 108-page Manual that takes you from the "79 is weakling" stage to a splendid physique, with only five minutes of almost effortless exercise a day. Shape up! You owe it to yourself to order EXER-GYM today.

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BONEFISH continued

are flooded at unequal rates depending upon the location of the individual flats relative to the direction of tidal bore and current and by the presence of keys and basins which draw and deflect the moving water. One flat, for instance, might have rising water at one time while another flat half a mile away may not get its first incoming water until an hour later. Even this is not constant since wind can alter the precise times of rising and falling water.

The beginning bonefisherman is often humiliated to learn that the flats he found empty produced bonanzas for anglers who had a better sense of timing than he had. A tide book and a good memory are the first tools of the bonefisherman. With experience, a pattern begins to emerge—the shape of the life habits of a wild species.

The novice starts with a simple combination—early incoming water in the morning or evening—and gradually, by observation, begins to include the mosaic of tidal information that finally becomes the fabric of his fishing knowledge. Tide in the tropics, where only a foot of water moves on the average, seems rather ethereal to the new bonefisherman. It does not seem reasonable to him that three- or four-tenths of a foot of tidal variation can be the difference between a great and a worthless fishing tide.

There is another way that tide can work: you are poling across a flat in less than a foot of water. A fish tails high on the flat. You begin your approach, closing in deliberately. There is the small sound of staghorn crunching against the skiff's bottom, then the solder sound of sand. You can't go any farther. The bonefish is still tailing, still out of reach. You get out of the skiff and wade to him and make your cast. His tail disappears as he tilts out of his feeding posture, follows your lure or bait, takes, is hooked and running. For 10 minutes you live as never before. Then the bonefish, a fine eight-pounder, is released.

When you return to the skiff, it is high and dry; the tide has dropped from under it. You've got a six-hour wait before you can budgie the skiff. You pace up and down the flat like an angry executive. If you are a smoker, you smoke more than you have ever smoked before.

continued

Smoking.

What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it may well be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking.

Vantage. It's the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.



Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter-12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine.
Menthol-11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

Can't someone get me out of this?

Now if you have gone aground in the morning on a summer's day and have not brought water, you will be truly sorry. If you have gone aground in the afternoon and can't find your way home in the dark, you'll have to sleep in the skiff. Pick a breezy place where the mosquitos have taxing problems. A certain number will crash land on your person anyway, but the breeze will discourage the rank and file. Curl up in your little flats boat, listen to the wave slap and, watching the deep tropical night, think upon the virtues of your choice. Tantrums, it is to be mentioned, only keep you from getting to sleep.

Tide, that great impersonal pulse of earth which brought you that eight-pounder on a platter, has cooked your goose.

Bonefish are hard to see. You train yourself to see them by a number of subliminal signs which, after you have fished the flats extensively, give you the opportunity to amaze your friends with feats of the eye. "Bonefish right in front of you!" you say as one ghosts past the skiff, visible only by the palest shadow it makes on the bottom.

"Where?" your good friend whom you shouldn't treat this way asks. "My God, where?"

"Right in front of you!" This starts your companion casting, even though he sees nothing, not one thing.

"Flashed fish," you say, gazing at the horizon.

The difficulty in seeing fish gives the veteran a real opportunity to lord it over the neophyte, gives him a chance to cultivate those small nuances of power that finally reveal him to be the Captain of the Skiff. After that the veteran relaxes, showing generosity.

Of the fish that concern the flats fisherman, bonefish are the smallest and probably the hardest to see. Water and light conditions dictate how they are to be sought with the eye, but again intuition eventually takes over. In the Florida Keys, where bonefish are characteristically seen swimming rather than tiding (and this is perhaps true everywhere), you must make a disciplined effort to look through the water surface. The water surface itself is something very inviting to look at, and the man who confines angling with relaxation will let his

eye rest here—and he will miss nine out of 10 fish. In the beginning, especially, the task must be borne down upon, for it is hard work. Eventually you will learn to sweep or scan back and forth over the area of possible sighting. At the first sweep your mind records the features of the bottom; on subsequent scans, if anything is out of place or if the small, unobtrusive and utterly shadowy presence of a bonefish has interrupted those features in your memory, you will notice it.

Polaroid glasses are an absolute necessity. There is some disagreement about which color is best. Green lenses are commonest, but things show up a little better with amber. Many people find the amber lenses hard on their eyes on brilliant days and so confine their use to overcast skies. I have used the amber glasses on brilliant July days and been plagued by headaches and strobelike afterimages.

In very shallow water, bonefish manifest themselves in two other ways: by waking and by tiding. Fish making wakes are often seen on the early incoming tide, and I think these are more important to the angler than the tiding fish. The singles make a narrow V wake, not always very distinct, and the pods of fish make a trembling, advancing surface almost like a gentle cat's-paw of wind.

The most prized discovery, however, is the tiding fish. And wading for tiding fish is the absolute champagne of the sport. These fish can be harder to take than the swimmers—their heads are down and it is necessary to get the lure very near them so they may see it, yet this close presentation tends to frighten them—but the reward is commensurately greater and the fact that they are usually hooked in the shallowest kind of water makes their runs even more vivid. Since very often there is more than one fish tiding at the same time, the alarm of a hooked fish is communicated immediately and the companion fish will explode away from the site like pieces of a star shell.

The sound that a hooked bonefish makes running across a flat cannot be phonetically imitated. In fact, most of the delicate, shearing sound comes from the line or leader as it slices through the water. The fish will fight itself to death if not hurried a little and if

great care is not taken in the release.

Anglers of experience speculate a good deal about the character of their quarry, doting on the baleful secrecy of brown trout, the countifous insouciance and general funkiness of largemouth bass, or the vaguely Ivy League patina of brook trout and Atlantic salmon. The hard-core smallmouth angler who accedes to a certain aristocratic construction to his sport is cheerful and would identify himself with, for instance, Thomas Jefferson, whose good house (Monticello) and reasonable political beliefs about mankind (Democracy) have been so attractive to the optimistic and self-made.

The dedicated trout fisherman is frequently an impossible human being, capable of taking a \$400 Payne dry-fly rod to an infant's fanny. One hardly needs mention that more lynching has been done by largemouth bass anglers than by the fancies of any other species, just as Atlantic salmon anglers are sure to go up against the wall way ahead of Indiana crappie wizards.

But the bonefisherman is as enigmatic as his quarry. The bonefish is as likely to scurry around a flat like a rat as he is to come sweeping in on the flood tiding with noble deliberation. So, too, the bonefisherman is subject to great lapses of dignity. A bonefish flat is a complex field of signs, quite as difficult a subject for reading as an English chalk stream. The bonefisherman has a mildly scientific proclivity for natural phenomenology insofar as it applies to his quest, but unfortunately he is inclined to regard a flock of roseate spoonbills only in terms of flying objects liable to spook fish.

The bonefisherman is nearly as capable of getting lost between a Pink Shrimp and a Honey Blonde as the lone maniac waist-deep in the Letort reading his flybox from Jawsd to Pale Evening Dun—though because a boat is usually required he may be slightly more oppressed by equipment.

As the bonefisherman is sternly sophisticated by his quarry, his reverence for the creature increases. Undeterred by toxic winds, black meetings, bullet-proof taxicab partitions or adventures with the Internal Revenue Service, he can perceive with his mind alone bonefish on remote ocean flats moving in the tongue of the flood.

—THOMAS McGUIRE

ABC Sports brings you the greatest athletes under the sun.

Starting August 25, ABC Sports will bring you an
unprecedented two weeks of total prime time coverage
of the 1972 Summer Olympics from Munich, Germany.

ABC Television Network



Attention, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea. Be on the lookout for Larry Capune, 30, of Balboa Island, Calif., alias Larry Lifeguard, 5' 11", 171 pounds, blond hair, wearing red bathing trunks. When last seen, Capune was in the Atlantic Ocean off New Jersey hand-paddling a 17-foot surfboard from Boston to Miami. He is carrying a transistor radio, a bag of smoke flares and a waterproof World War II knapsack containing a change of clothes, an extra bathing suit, insect repellent, jars of vitamins, road maps and a pair of shoes. If Capune comes ashore to knock at your beach cottage door, do not be alarmed. He is harmless, indeed affable, though he may suddenly swear himself and shout, "Goddamn green flies!" Capune is interested in promoting a "Wet Alliance" whereby youngsters could discover themselves and their environment by paddling surfboards up and down the coasts of the U.S.

Capune is an old hand at this mode of transportation. In 1964 and again in 1967 he paddled 542 miles from San Francisco to Newport Beach, once obliterating Vandenberg Air Force Base to delay missile testing for 48 hours. In 1965 he set out from New York to Miami, but his trip ended after a fishing-pier owner in Morehead City, N.C. threw Coke bottles at him when he paddled under the pier, allegedly scaring the fish. One bottle struck Capune in the head, resulting in 25 stitches and a staph infection. Capune sued and won an \$11,000 judgment in a case that went all the way to the North Carolina Supreme Court, but he has yet to collect a nickel because the pier owner put all his assets in his wife's name. On his current trip south, Capune plans to put in at Morehead City to ask his lawyer, Harvey Hamilton Jr., how the case is going.

A college dropout, Capune has worked as a lifeguard and as a jack-of-all-trades for a neighbor, Buddy Elsen—led of *Beverly Hillsbillies* and himself an enthusiastic seafarer. When Capune told Elsen he would be taking three months off to complete the 2,400-mile Boston-to-Miami voyage, Elsen said he would write the Coast Guard commandant to ask that he look after his young friend. Capune needs all the looking after he can get.



2,400 MILES BY HAND

On a good day Capune can travel 35 miles, and he usually paddles from half a mile to nine miles out. He carries no food or water with him, but comes ashore in the evening and knocks on doors until he finds a place to eat and sleep. Because his body is wet, he doesn't get thirsty except on very hot days.

Capune launched into the Atlantic on July 1 at Nantasket Beach in Hull, just south of Boston. He had planned to launch in Boston Harbor, but the fog was so heavy he feared he would keep running into islands. Capune made Brant Rock the first night, but got caught by an incoming tide the next morning in Plymouth Bay. He bought two Cokes and some cookies for lunch at White Horse Beach and paddled on before stopping at Manomet to spend the night. The third day out Capune spotted a fat man in trouble on a Sunfish three quarters of a mile from shore. "My life-guard instinct took over," says Capune, "and I paddled over to him. When I got close, I could see it was a new Sunfish with the dealer's sticker still on it.

The fat guy said to me, 'How do I get this thing back where I came from?' He had sailed in circles so many times the main halyard was wrapped around the mast. I finally had to cut it, and the tub of lard was indignant. Here I am saving his life, and he's angry because I cut a \$1.25 rope!"

Capune towed the fat man ashore, a task made somewhat difficult because the man wanted to go where he had started out and kept steering the Sunfish in that direction. Capune spent the night at the tip of Sandy Neck with a friendly professor and his family. On the way up the inside of Cape Cod to Provincetown, Capune misjudged the tide and ran aground on Billingsgate Shoal. "I picked up the board, stepped on a skate, hit my head on the board and had a headache for a day," he says.

Reaching Provincetown, he put up at a hotel. He spent the next night at the Coast Guard Station at Race Point, where he was kept awake by a drunken coastguardman who fought with his shipmates until three in the morning.



SEAWORTHY Four-filled and glassed board which was built for Larry Capune by Bobie Alper, is 17' long, 17½" wide, weighs 85 pounds, has a 7" draft and a foot-operated rudder

POWER Or how else would you get a surfboard from Boston to Miami? by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Beginning to suffer from a heavy cold, Capune set off around the Cape with the water temperature 52°. His morale was equally low, but it got a lift when he landed at Marconi Beach and met the head lifeguard, Dana Hathaway, who said that he had once paddled a kayak from Florida to North Carolina. Capune's morale got another boost when the people on Nauset Beach clapped and cheered as he paddled by, having read about him in the local papers.

At the end of the first week, Capune rounded Cape Cod inside of Monomoy Island. A yachtsman going through the cut invited him to spend the night, but with a four-knot current against him, it took Capune an hour to go a mile, even at 85 strokes a minute.

Setting forth from Chatham to Cotuit, Capune ran into a 30-knot wind and small craft warnings. Deciding to go ashore he spotted a small beach between rocks and headed in. A maid answered the door of the house back of the beach and called an older lady.

"What town is this?" asked Capune.

"This is not a town," said the lady. "This is a compound."

"You mean this is an institution for retired people?" said Capune.

"Not all of us are retired," said the lady. "This is the Kennedy compound. My name is Rose Kennedy."

She invited Capune in. He explained he was Miami-bound and very cold and tired. The lady called her daughter, Eunice Shriver, who arrived with a beautiful girl, Karen Braxene Smith, who turned out to have been Miss U.S.A. in the 1971 Miss World contest. "That was pretty heavy stuff," says Capune. Eunice, Miss U.S.A., Capune and all the Shriver and Kennedy kids had dinner at a Howard Johnson's and afterward watched movies at Rose's house. "There were zillions of kids," says Capune. "The first movie, *Now You See It Now You Don't*, was for kids. The second one, *Barterflies Are Free*, was rated PG, parental guidance. While the lights were out, I heard a man come in, and he sat next to 12-year-old Timmy Shriver. It was Senator Edward Kennedy

"When the movies were over he said hello. I slept in a magnificent bedroom in a canopied bed. The next morning, which was Eunice's birthday, the wind was blowing like crazy and Eunice said, 'Rest a day.' Timmy Shriver and I decided to go bicycling, and as we came out there were tourists all over the place just staring." Capune learned that the Kennedys used to store up old tennis balls and belt them out of the compound at the tourists. Capune said he knew of a sneaky way to scouse tourists. In town he bought 10 feet of surgical tubing, a big funnel and balloons. Back in the compound, he constructed a giant slingshot, filled a balloon with water, set it in the funnel and took aim at a tree some distance away. The water-judon balloon landed with a satisfactory splash just as Eunice rounded the corner. Timmy Shriver quickly hid the slingshot and everyone, including the kids, went for a sail on Teddy's 54' Islander. Capune took the helm for 20 minutes. Everyone then went to Teddy's for a cookout (hot dogs and watermelon). There was also a partial eclipse that day. "Everything seems to happen at once to me," says Capune. Still hungry, he and Timmy raided the Shriver refrigerator, ate candy bars and watched the Democratic Convention on TV.

The next morning, advised of the best current to Woods Hole by Teddy, Capune got his surfboard from Rose Kennedy's front lawn, received a farewell kiss from Miss U.S.A. and headed west. While paddling in a heavy wind and rough seas, Capune listened to his radio. "The program was called *Tell It To Bob*," he recalls. "There were all these kids calling in complaining they had nothing to do. I thought, you stupid kids, nothing to do, and here I am battling the ocean. I pulled inshore at a house, asked for the phone and called this Bob character. I told him what I was doing, and he didn't seem to believe me. When I got back on my board, I turned on the radio and heard Bob say that some idiot had just called in."

At Woods Hole the Coast Guard gave

continued

Capune him advice on currents, and he got carried into the Elizabeth Islands. With the rain heavy and visibility limited, he put in on a deserted island where he saw "a beat-up old house, barbed wire and a PRIVATE sign like something out of a movie." He knocked warily on the door, which was opened by a pipe-smoking lady. "When you're tired," Capune says, "a thing like this really throws you." The island was Naushon, the lady Mrs. Homa Cherax, a member of the Forbes family that owns almost all the Elizabeth Islands. When he was leaving the next morning, Mrs. Cherax asked him to deliver a letter to the Wilders on Nashawans. She said it would take four days otherwise. Capune delivered the letter and traveled to Cuttyhunk. "I met President Garfield's grandson there," says Capune.

Paddling from Cuttyhunk with only 100 feet of visibility, he headed toward what he thought was a rock. The rock turned out to be a freighter, and the nose of the surfboard glanced off the hull. Capune landed at Horseneck Beach in Massachusetts where a park official refused to show him a map or a chart. "I want to get out of here!" said Capune. "For what?" "I'm going to Miami." "On what?" "A surfboard." "You crazy kid, you're not leaving here! You're a nut, kid, a nut!"

Capune went back to the beach where a guard stood over his surfboard. "I'm leaving," Capune told the guard. "That board is below the mean high tide line, and you have no jurisdiction. If you want to light, I'll light."

Capune paddled on in fog and wind. He went into Newport, where the water was filthy. "They dump everything," he says. Jim Ferris, on board the *Whisper*, which had finished 10th in the single-handed transatlantic race, invited him aboard for champagne. While in Newport, Capune paddled up to *Sokong*, a cement-hulled boat that had left Hull a week after him on an around-the-world trip, and shouted, "Let's see who gets to North Carolina first!"

Outside Newport a destroyer narrowly missed Capune, who was paddling in the wrong direction for Point Judith. Correcting his bearings, he put in at Sandy Hill Cove where he watched a baseball game and got word from the

Coast Guard that his father wanted him to call home. "I called collect, and it was the first time he ever accepted."

Capune almost got lost on the way to Block Island, but was pulled there by a tide rip. From Block Island he cut across to Montauk Point where he got lost for real until he came across a boat named *Cracker* in the swells. "Where am I headed?" Capune yelled.

The answer came, "France!" Back on the course once more and having passed Montauk Point, Capune met with various receptions along the south shore of Long Island. In East Hampton he could get only five hours sleep as his hosts sat up playing cards. In Southampton he kept landing and landing only to be shoed off the beaches of private clubs. Desperate, he headed inshore for the fourth time and, encountering no opposition, sought out the club manager.

"I want food and water," Capune said. "I can't serve you," said the manager. "You're not a member of the club." "I'll pay," pleaded Capune. "All checks are signed. No money exchanges. I can't serve you."

"Sir," said Capune, drawing himself up. "That is against the law. You don't have to feed me, but according to federal law you have to give me water."

The manager still refused. Capune eyed a footbath, but was leery of what germs he might pick up, and so, thirsty and hungry, set off on his surfboard again. He put in at Cooper's Neck Beach for lunch, then went on to Quogue, where he met a girl who invited him to spend the night with her family.

Off Fire Island, he spotted the 15th shark of the trip—"a good six or seven feet"—and hit the beach. "The next thing I see is a boardwalk called a street. It's Fire Island Pines, and I see these strange guys with little dogs pulling little red carts behind them." Setting off toward a gaily colored hotel, Capune rented a room ("\$23.85 with tax") and then went to eat. "It was tea dance time," he says, "and there were these guys wearing women's bathing suits and dresses. I was getting the wilies. I went into a boutique to talk to a girl, and she says, 'The queens are here.' I asked, 'Where are the queens?' and she said, 'There's a queen over there.' I went up to my room on the top floor and locked myself in. During the night there were five knocks at the door, and voices asking,

'Harry, is that you?' In the morning I went down for breakfast, and they charged me \$4.80. I got my surfboard and went back into the ocean. At the next place I see a guy on the beach and I say, 'Where am I?' He says, 'Harry Grove.' I said, 'Fella, this is one place I don't want to stop.' By now I had to talk to someone straight. At Ocean Bay Park I came in and talked to a man with a family just to keep my head."

Capune thought of going into New York Harbor and on up to the Statue of Liberty, but was afraid that the polluted waters could infect a cut on his arm with a disease or one that science would never cure. Capune got the cut his second week out when he moved his refrigerator. "Whenever I stop, people always ask me to help move the refrigerator."

Capune cut 28 miles across the Atlantic from Long Island to Jersey to avoid New York Harbor. Still a mile and a half out from some Jersey community, he ran straight into sewage belling up from an outfall pipe. He was also harassed by several schools of large bluefish that made passes at his fingers. Then, at Long Branch, fishermen on a pier threw heavy sinkers at him. Capune went ashore, called the police and accompanied them to the pier. "Everybody played mum," said Capune. "You can really hurt a guy with a sinker." In Atlantic City, Capune met with a far better reception, receiving the key to the city.

Heading south, Capune was prepared to pay off an old score at Stone Harbor. While passing along the coast in 1965, he had been arrested there on two counts: failing to stop for a lifeguard's whistle and surfboarding in a no-surfing zone. He was also threatened with a charge of inciting a riot when bathers thronged around chanting, "Let him go! Let him go!" He was found guilty of failing to stop for a lifeguard's whistle and was obliged to pay a \$35 fine. For this trip, Capune registered his surfboard as a vessel with the State of California and would regard any attempt to stop him or seize his craft as impeding navigation or piracy. The registration certificate lists his craft, CF 1503 EG, as "hand" powered.

Capune's worst moment of the trip, he hopes, is behind him. It came in Hyannisport when the Kennedys suddenly learned from a newscast that he is a registered Republican. **END**



A pen can't tell you everything about a man. But it can tell a lot.
The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

It can't tell you his line of work. His politics. His bank account. But this particular ball pen does tell a surprising number of things.

Its clean lines tell you he likes functional design. And, with him, you know the sterling silver case isn't a pretense. He knows it adds heft and balance, and he simply sees no reason why a durable thing has to be ugly.

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But he does know that this pen is made so precisely it writes a clear, crisp track every time. That it writes without hesitation. And that it seems to write indefinitely. (Obviously this doesn't happen, but it does write better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.)

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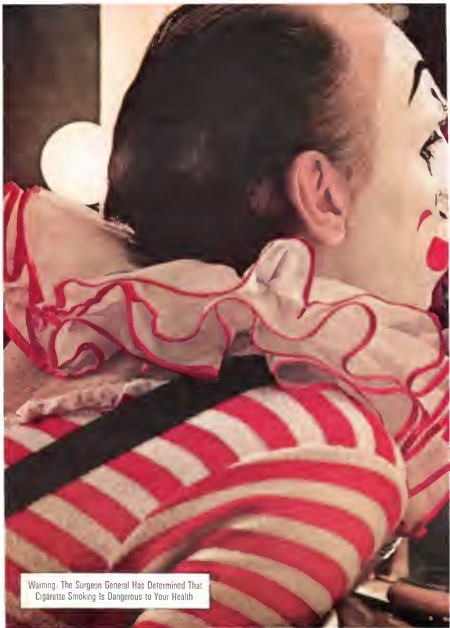
It's true this pen won't tell his name or his marital status. But it tells you he's a man with the self-assurance to go his own way, a man worth knowing. And the fact he does crossword puzzles in ink tells you he has courage far beyond most men.

But then, he's using a pen far beyond most pens: the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

For the man who expects perfection, it makes a near-perfect gift.

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"Our gin and tonic secret?
Mix it the way you always do,
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And the perfect martini gin,
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Seagram's Extra Dry.
The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

Seagram's Distilled Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

Democrats in Florida's Dade County are looking for a new executive director. One man whose name has been mentioned is **Joe Robbie**, owner of the Miami Dolphins. Whether he would consent is another question, but he certainly has the right credentials and connections, especially with his party's new presidential nominee. Robbie taught political science with **Senator George McGovern** at South Dakota Wesleyan, served as minority (Democratic) leader of the South Dakota House and once ran unsuccessfully for governor.

Was **Ernest Hemingway** really an athletic epher? Well, not exactly, but a group of his old acquaintances gathered in Paris recently to celebrate the publication of a new book, *Hemingway and the Sun Set*, and came up with a consensus that the famed author was something less than Supersport. For one thing, said **Harold Loeb**, a retired writer and model for Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*, "He was not a tennis player, he had bad eyes. He also had a bad leg so that he didn't run up to the net. . . . As for his boxing prowess, Hemingway 'was not the great champion that he was supposed to have been . . . he signaled his punches," says Loeb. Another old pal from Paris, days, **Merrill Cody**, remembered how Hemingway was always trying to get his bartender, an ex-priestfighter named Jimmy, to box with him. "Jimmy avoided [it] because he said that Hemingway knew nothing about boxing," said Cody. "He was terrified that he would hit him and then he'd lose a client."

• But you think **the Nastase** only drives his opponents and officials crazy with his antics on the tennis court. Well, consider what he does to his superior officials in the Rumanian army, where his rank is second lieutenant but

might as well be king. His \$75,000 annual income is one of the highest in socialist Rumania, he has ordered plans on a comfortable new home in the suburbs and he gets to keep his hair beyond Gil length.

"The people at Boeing said they couldn't build my plane now because they're too busy building the 747," said **Johnny Stroman** of Wayne, Pa. "So I'm going swimming." With that sporting gesture, Stroman turned his back—at least temporarily—on a promising career in aircraft design. Johnny's plane, which he called the Mach 4SR-88A Delta-Wing Jet, so impressed the Boeing people that they offered him a job—before finding out he was only 14. "Everything the kid did added up," said one research official. Even his decision to go swimming.

Politicking has begun in earnest over who will replace **Avery Brundage** as head of the International Olympic Committee when he retires this fall. The two favorites seem to be Ireland's **Lord Killanin**, 58, and France's **Count Jean de Beaumont**, 68, both of whom are tied to Dlympic heat. The two were involved in separate controversies sur-

rounding the Games recently—Killanin as president of the IOC committee dealing with the South African case and Count de Beaumont when he refused to sign the boycott petition of the French athletes at the Sapopo Winter Games. De Beaumont's campaign, say observers of the Vatican-like IOC electoral process, seems to be more spirited and farther advanced.

Olympic politicking of another sort in Los Angeles: Never-say-die **Mayor Sam Yorty** of Los Angeles announced last week that he is starting that city's campaign to land the 1980 Games.

Dr. K. Ellen Hite, a New York psychiatrist and president of the city's Boston Terrier Club, said last week that her work with show dogs helps her professionally. "If one observes dogs," she said, "he can learn a great deal about nonverbal communication. This is important and can be adapted, for example, in body language." Like if you come across a patient who enjoys having his stomach scratched?

Inevitably, like a Greek drama, the World Chess Championship moved toward a conclusion in Reykjavik last week with a pair of new characters joining the cast. **Mrs. Boris Spassky** arrived from Russia to lend encouragement to her husband's faltering cause (he scored by Sunday stand at 8-5 in **Bobby Fischer's** favor). Meanwhile, International Master **Al Horowitz**, who has been analyzing the games for *The New York Times*, took ill and was replaced by U.S. co-champion **Samuel Reshevsky**. And just to keep things lively, Fischer wrote a letter of complaint about noise in the playing hall.

England's **Tony Jacklin** has had a rose named after him by the **Sam McGredy** nursery near Belfast, one of the few times that



a flower has borne the name of a sportsman. The **Tony Jacklin** blossom is coral-colored, has a delicate scent, grows to four feet in height and, says Britain's *Daily Express*, "makes a splendid garden display."

• If **Bobby Hall** is so rich, how come he still has to take summer jobs? He doesn't. The former Chicago Black Hawk superstar, who signed a \$2 million contract to play for Winnipeg of the new WHL starting next year, was practicing for an amateur drivers' race with G.T. Winter, a racer, at Chicago's Sportstown's Park.

The city of New York, faced with several threatened and real sporting defections, is fighting back. **Mayor John Lindsay** announced early last week that he wants to establish a City Sports Authority to stem the outward tide of franchises. And the city has acquired the title to 49-year-old Yankee Stadium, which it plans to rehabilitate. By this time next year The House That Ruth Built may be known as The House That Lindsay Repaired.



Imagination, it's funny

Or it's plain murder if you're on the receiving end of Steve Carlton's pitches. He's gunning for 25 wins—with the Phillies. Imagine that!

If there is a performance in baseball more remarkable than the one Steve Carlton is currently turning in for the Philadelphia Phillies, the record books fail to yield it. At the end of last week Carlton had won 19 games and lost only six for a team whipping along at a winning percentage of .381.

Through the years only six other pitchers have won 20 games for teams as phutle as the Phils (people jumping off the Tacoma-Palmira Bridge in steel suits usually come up with a better percentage than .381), but none of them—Chrisy Mathewson, Iron Man McGraw, Bobo Newson, Ned Garver, Noodles Hahn or Irving Young—approached the winning percentage that Carlton has so far rolled

up. Garver won 20 games and lost 12 for the 1951 St. Louis Browns while poor Young had to swallow 21 defeats with his 20 wins for the 1905 Boston Braves.

In beating the Montreal Expos last Sunday Carlton won his 14th consecutive game and his strikeout total was more than 50 above that of the second-ranked pitcher. His complete-game total of 19 is surpassed only by Gaylord Perry, the man who brought the dry look from San Francisco to Cleveland.

Carlton is thinking about winning 25 games for Philadelphia, a goal he had set for himself over the winter when he was still a St. Louis Cardinal and had an excuse for entertaining such lofty aspirations. Last year the Cards scored nearly 200 more runs than the Phillies. When Carlton was traded for Rick Wise in late February because General Managers Bing Devine of St. Louis and John Quinn of Philadelphia were having no luck at all signing either pitcher, it seemed a safe assumption that the two had balked their ways into 20-game years, wins for Wise, losses for Carlton.

Things certainly have not worked out that way. By the end of last week, Wise was 11-12. Carlton, in contrast, got off to a splendid 5-1 start before losing five in a row as the Phillies provided him with only 10 runs during a five-game span. But beginning in the second week of June, he pitched so well that even Philadelphia's puny offense could no longer drag him down. In 15 games he gave up a total of 15 runs.

For the second straight season the Phillies are proving themselves to be the worst team in the National League, perhaps even "The Worst Damn Team in Baseball." This is somewhat surprising, considering their start. Early in the race the Phils roared through the West, and all was joy in Philadelphia when they returned home with an 11-6 record. But then hopes went tumbling, the team fell under a spell and in May lost 19 of 26

games. Quinn was fired, then Manager Frank Lucchesi was bounced. "I guess it's the same in politics, war and everything else," said Owner Bob Carpenter. "You can't change the army, so you change the general."

On hindsight, it seems almost inevitable that Carlton would one day find himself an ex-Cardinal, and some of his troubles stem from his own excellence. Touring Japan with the Cards after the 1968 World Series, Carlton started working on a slider. He wanted the pitch to discourage batters from waiting on his fastball. In 1969 he threw a slider so well that he set the major league record for most strikeouts in a single game, 19, a feat only slightly diminished by the fact that Carlton lost the game. With a superior curve to go along with the slider and fastball, he won 17 games, had the second-best earned run average in the National League (2.17) and decided he was ready for a fat raise the following year.

With exquisitely bad timing, he held out before the 1970 season. That was the year of the Curt Flood case—Flood did not want to leave the Cardinals—and the case of Richie Allen, who seemed to be reluctant to join them. Carlton was "muddled" by the two, and it was a bad middle to be in with fuming Owner Gussie Busch around. In the heat of a press conference Busch said of Carlton, "I don't give a damn if he never pitches another ball for the Cardinals."

When things finally cooled off to just a normal boil, wiser heads pointed out that somebody was going to have to pitch for the team and Carlton was signed for \$90,000 for two seasons. During arguments, negotiations and name-calling, Carlton managed to lose three weeks of spring training and, primarily because of that, he junked the slider. "I could never get it to feel right or throw it right," he says. "The few I threw hurt me and I abandoned it." He might just as well have abandoned the season. He finished with a 10-19 record.

One would think that by 1971 Carlton would have reactivated the slider, but he didn't. "I just plain quit on it last year," he says. "and won 20 games without it. I didn't even throw it while warming up."

For the 20 wins Carlton thought another raise was in order. Busch, perhaps remembering the 10-19 year, did not. So Carlton started this season in Philadel-

CARLTON'S SLIDER GIVES HIM AN EDGE

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phia, but with one small difference. He had the slider along with him. "It started to come back in the spring," he says, "and now it is one of my best pitches."

There are those who believe that each of Carlton's three pitches is as good as the best pitch of any pitcher in the game today. Carlton is not willing to go that far. "I admired Sandy Koufax' curve," he says, "but as to judging my fastball and slider against any other pitcher's, I wouldn't be capable of doing it." He is capable of judging his fielding. "Because of my motion," he says, "I come off the mound in a poor position. I know that it has hurt me and I've worked on it. But I'll adjust I'm not the best fielder in the world."

Worfully shy as a youngster growing up on the edge of the Everglades in Miami, Carlton hunted doves and rabbits with rocks and knew how to take care of an occasional rattlesnake. He could throw an excellent curve at 12 but playing major league baseball was not much on his mind. Carlton was an excellent water skier and he is a fine pool shooter and golfer.

St. Louis signed him for a \$5,000 bonus and in 1964 deposited him at Rock Hill, N.C., where he ran up a 10-1 record and an earned run average of 1.03 before being advanced to Winnipeg and then on to the No. 1 Cardinal farm team, Triple A Tulsa—all in his first year. He was brought up to the Cardinals to observe the end of the season from the bullpen. In the important next to last game the Cardinals were losing to the Mets and Carlton was the only man left in the bullpen. Although he did not get to pitch, he remembers the day well. "I was so nervous," he says, "I was throwing to Dave Ricketts and couldn't even see him."

Carlton spent the entire 1965 season with St. Louis but pitched only 25 innings and found himself back in Tulsa the following year. One day in July Manager Charlie Metro approached him and said, "Steve, pack your stuff up; you're going to Cooperstown."

Carlton said, "Already?"

The Cardinals were playing the annual Hall of Fame exhibition game against the Minnesota Twins there and Carlton went the full nine innings for a victory over the defending American League champions. His curve was excellent and his fastball hummed. He was brought back to the big club, this time to stay until Busch's are got the best of him.

Carlton, who is 27 now, often keeps things to himself. As a friend says, "Steve can be standing with a group of friends and thinking deeply about something else even when he is talking to you." And that, according to some, has always been his problem. He frequently seems to have one too many things on his mind. While he was a Cardinal he drove management to distraction by his seeming lack of concentration while pitching. His mind would wander and suddenly he was in a jam.

Near the end of the 1970 season Carlton received a 10-page letter from a fan criticizing him for squandering his vast talents by not concentrating. Carlton took the letter to heart, as he does others he receives about once a week from the same person. He believes they are a personal matter and will not discuss them, but says they work on his imagination. "The imagination," he said recently, "always wins in a battle with the will and my imagination had a hell of a year in 1970."

His imagination is having a hell of a year in 1972, too. Imagine, for instance, the Philadelphia Phillies in 1972 without Steve Carlton.

THE WEEK

AL WEST On July 20 the Oakland A's had an 8½-game lead and it appeared that their only worry would be deciding where to hold the victory party. Oh, the Chicago White Sox were back there in second place somewhere but the Sox had shown what they were made of by losing on the road (20-31). It was road games, too, that suddenly caught up with the A's and, when they did, so did the Sox. The A's stopped off in Minnesota and Kansas City and lost six of seven, the worst trip since Dick Williams took over as manager in 1971. In Kansas City, where the A's lost three in a row, they hit .175 and played ragged defense. Williams was proud of his pitchers but confessed by his team's errors and failure to drive runs in from second and third.

Chicago's Wilbur Wood moved smoothly to his second consecutive 20-game season when he two-hit the A's in 11 innings on Saturday following a 1-0 six-hitter over the California Angels earlier in the week. Wood got the one run for himself with a seventh-inning single off Nolan Ryan. The White Sox have not been in contention this late in

a season since 1967, and their three top pitchers, Wood, Stan Bahnen and Tom Bradley, have now won 47 games.

The Minnesota Twins were again inconsistent and for one game bypassed Bert Blyleven (10-14) in the starting rotation, replacing him with rookie Dave Goltz, who ran his record to 3-0 and lowered his earned run average to 1.24. Contributing to the inconsistency as much as anyone has been Jim Perry (11-10). Perry has been brilliant in day games, winning 10 and losing one, but has had the daylight kicked out of him at night (1-9).

Not long ago Kansas City's Bob Lemon was so down in the dumps that he rendered a soliloquy that all who manage can sympathize with: "I'm only a couple of years from retirement," Lemon said, "and I'm going to get out as fast as I can run, I'm going to get away from everything. I'm going to take my wife and settle down on some remote island. I'll buy a little bar and just sit there and drink. I'll hope we don't have any customers."

It all seemed to have a salubrious effect on the Royals, who started to get some pitching to go with an offense that has them at the top of the American League in team batting (.257) although ranking 11th in homers. Richie Scheinblum hit one home run for the Royals to beat Texas and said of it, "It felt like it was 372 feet but in that Texas wind it ended up clearing the fence by only half an inch." It was Scheinblum's ninth game-winning hit of the season.

Nolan Ryan finally gave up his first earned run in 45 innings at Anaheim Stadium and it cost him his 10th loss against a dozen wins. The Angels continued to pitch well but their batting remained anemic. Clyde Wright drove in the go-ahead run in a five-hit victory over the Twins to become the team's top winner with 13. Wright explained his pitching performance away lightly: "The hard ones were caught, the soft ones were hits."

Pete Broberg was stuck in the Texas bullpen after failing to win his sixth game for the 12th time. Broberg and Ted Williams don't seem to agree on the pitcher Williams is calling from the bench, but that worry may not last too long. "This," said Williams, "is going to be a good young club for the next manager. I'm not saying I'm quitting, but I know what I'm going to do."

CHIC 42-45 OAK 42-46 MINN 54-50
KC 31-55 CAL 40-36 TEX 43-65

AL EAST Since the All-Star break the Detroit Tigers have played 20 games and scored two runs or fewer in half of them. Worse, for a team that has traditionally thrived on the home run, the Tigers have averaged only one a

continued

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every 15 innings during August, while battling a sickly .217. Last week Detroit fell out of first place for the first time since July 9 and, because the team was not winning, Mickey Vernon lost three games in a row for the first time since 1971, when he dropped his last three starts.

Saturday, Manager Billy Martin turned desperate. Marching into the locker room, cap in hand, he offered the cap to Al Kaline. "O.K.," said Martin, "pick tomorrow's lineup." Kaline plucked out the first of eight ships of paper. Boon Cash, usually cleanup, He would bat leadoff for the first time as a big-leaguer. Ed Brinkman, normally eighth and with a .205 average, would bat fourth, his first shot at cleanup. Result: a 3-2 victory Sunday over Cleveland's Gaylord Perry. In the bottom of the sixth, Brinkman doubled home Willie Horton with the tying run and then scored the winning run himself on Tony Taylor's single. Leadoff man Cash collected two singles.

Baltimore replaced the Tigers atop the standings, but the Orioles were running the bases like guys at an office outing after the fourth keg of beer. The worst offender, Don Buford, was lined for running into an out. In the eighth inning against Boston the score tied 1-1, bases loaded and the count 3-1. Buford at second took off for third thinking the count was 3 and 2 and the inning was dead. The game might have been lost were it not for a late homer by Bobby Grich. Exasperated, Manager Earl Weaver said, "We've had bad base-running mistakes all year. From now on it's going to cost our players money." Suddenly, however, Boog Powell has come to life (10 RBIs for the week) and he can carry a team better than anyone on the whole ball club.

Historians had to delve back to 1967 to find the New York Yankees playing so well and drawing so many customers (page 12). The big man, reliever Sparky Lyle, reminded observers how important the bullpen has been to the Yankees. Two years ago, when the team finished a surprising second in its division, the bullpen made it possible with 49 saves.

In Boston it is the silly season again. At good old "Unity University," Catcher Carlton (Pudge) Fisk popped off about Carl Yastrzemski and Reggie Smith not providing leadership. It happens every summer. Yaz's problem, according to Baltimore Pitcher Jim Palmer, is that he's lost his strike zone. "He's swinging at high balls that are out of the strike zone. Nobody can afford to make the zone bigger for the pitchers." As for Smith, scout maintains that he is playing the outfield too shallow, thus allowing outs to go over his head for long hits.

Although Baltimore, Detroit, New York and Boston are generating excitement because of the way they are bunched, Cleve-

land is playing better than anyone in the division with a record of 14-6 since the All-Star break. While not many believe that the Indians can jump over five teams to win, there is new life on the lake.

The Milwaukee Brewers lost six of eight on a home stand and now know what their role will be for the remainder of the year. "Although we don't have a chance," said first baseman George Scott, "it's fun spending it for someone else."

BAL 50-40 DET 30-20 NY 50-50
BOST 34-32 CLEV 30-27 MIL 43-35

NL WEST

The long rumored elevation of Eddie Mathews from coach to manager of Atlanta came to pass as Luman Harris was fired. Mathews takes over a club that cares only about hitting, set may be miffed by Henry Aaron's current batting philosophy. Had Henry, in pursuit of Babe Ruth's record, is going for "downloads" most of the time. Of course, since winning their division championship in 1969, the Braves have been more concerned with their individual statistics than with the win-loss column. Mathews is capable of being arrogant at times, sentimental at others, but he might be capable, too, of teaching some good players to care again. One of his first moves was to decorate the team's clubhouse with pictures of past Boston, Milwaukee and Atlanta heroes. The team, he hoped, might begin to play for 1973 instead of immortality in 1964.

The Los Angeles Dodgers have Manager Walt Alston so perplexed by their road record (29-26) that he has considered banking them in Los Angeles hotels when they play at home, where their record is 27-24. In a 19-inning game against the Reds, Dodger pitchers struck out 22 batters yet lost 2-1. "Getting a winner in that game," said Los Angeles' Don Sutton, "was about as tough as getting a running mate for McGovern."

Hurt constantly by weak defense, Los Angeles might be feeling for the first time the failure of its farm system to produce. Young Dodgers have not played up to their notices for the past two seasons and Frank Robinson, the veteran they traded for, has been slowed by a total of five different ailments. While he doesn't contemplate quitting right now, it is indeed on his mind. "At the end of every season," Frank says, "I talk over what may be ahead next year with my wife. At the end of this season we will have to talk longer than we ever had to before."

Cincinnati's Reds and Houston's Astros may still wind up in the only interesting race in the National League. The Reds held a 4½-game lead over Houston at the end of the week, but prime reliever Clay Carroll was being hit hard and the team could be in serious trouble if Gary Nolan and Wayne

Simpson do not recover quickly from injuries. The Astros swung to a four-man pitching rotation by dropping Ken Forsch.

Outfielder Ken Henderson finally began to hit for the San Francisco Giants (.292 for the week), but the franchise will have to make a decision on what to do with Juan Marchal, who lost his 13th game of the season and grumbled about the outfield defense.

The Padres will indeed be playing in San Diego next season despite all the stories that have them moving to Washington or Toronto. The Padres show an attendance increase of 104,000 this year over 1971, but their 25-25 road play cannot cover a \$7-40 record at home.

CIN 64-42 HOUS 61-46 LA 50-50
ATL 51-56 SF 48-62 SD 42-60

NL EAST

About the only people deeply interested in this division are the hotel reservation clerks in Pittsburgh. Seemingly on their way to another Series, the Pirates finished the week with a 9½-game lead on though Willie Stargell and Roberto Clemente were on the bench with injuries, heels for Clemente, a tooth extraction for Stargell.

Somebody has to be in second place and the New York Mets were, despite having played at a percentage of .437 since Rusty Staub went out of the lineup. Just behind the Mets are the Cubs, hurting. While Pitcher Milt Pappas drove in five runs in one of his rare complete games, both Fergie Jenkins and Burt Hooton were having arm problems.

Match all the relief pitchers in the National League and Montreal's Mike Marshall has to come out on top. Marshall, a supreme chess fan and one of the brightest athletes extant, drew the following praise from Manager Gene Marchal after his 12th save to go with 11 victories: "He's the best I've ever seen and that includes Ed Roebuck, Elroy Face, Ron Perranoski, Jim Brewer, Jack Baldschun—your name 'em." Sparky Lyle, perhaps?

The St. Louis Cardinals have been playing at a Lost Weekend rate, which has to further embarrass Owner Gusse Busch. They lost four straight Saturday games and three on consecutive Sundays. But the Cardinals are shaking older players and, hopefully, getting ready for the future. "Pope Paul" Owens started pulling players off the field in Philadelphia. His first victim was Willie Montaner, the club's best performer a year ago, who Owens felt dogged it on a fly ball. Montaner denied that he did, but that's the sort of thing that happens to losers.

PIT 67-30 NY 57-46 CHC 67-33
STL 61-34 MON 46-57 PHIL 40-58



JACK SHOWED THE FIELD HIS HEELS....



...BUT YOUNG SIMONS SHOWED HIS PROMISE

Another laughter for Jack

By winning at Westchester, the mighty Nicklaus collected another \$50,000, but for two other pros the rewards were relatively greater

As they walked off the course after the third round of the \$250,000 Westchester Classic last Saturday afternoon, Jack Nicklaus patted young Jim Simons on the shoulder. "Try to forget about what happened today," Nicklaus said in a soothing voice. "You're going to discover there will be a lot of days like this on the tour." Then they headed for the locker room—the smiling Nicklaus surrounded by an army of security men, tournament officials, photographers and autograph seekers, while 50 yards behind him the disconsolate Simons shuffled along, his chin down around his knees and with only his caddie for company.

On a day when Nicklaus beat the swirling winds for a two-under-par 70 to take the tournament lead, the 22-year-old Simons, a June graduate of Wake Forest who was playing in only his third tour event as a professional, was paired with the big man and came out a disastrous loser. Tied for third place at the start of play, after superlative rounds of 69 and 66, Simons staggered to a 79 as he suddenly lost his touch in the presence of Nicklaus, much the way he had that last day at Merson a year ago when he led the U.S. Open by two strokes after three rounds but then ballooned to a 76 to finish in a tie for fifth.

"It's all very discouraging," Simons said later. "I guess you'd have to say that the pressure got to me. But believe it or not, I'm not in awe of Nicklaus. I know how good he is. I like to play with him.

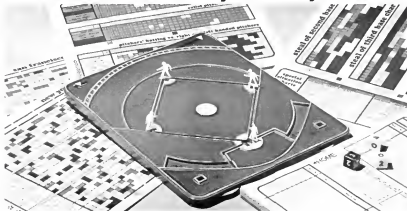
But I do think I owe him to a certain extent, and I guess that subconsciously I do press too much when I play with him. What it all comes down to, though, is that my game right now is not yet good enough to win on the tour. Am I depressed? No, not at all. I'm the first to admit that my game is not ready. I've got a lot of work to do."

For three days, or until Nicklaus chased an obscure pro named Dwight Nevil from the lead and then sailed home with the \$50,000 first-place check ahead of a late rally by almost-obscure Jim Colbert, Westchester was full of surprises such as Simons. First of all, Billy Casper and Lee Trevino did not even bother to enter the second-richest event on the tour. While Casper claimed that his allergies would flare up at Westchester, the other pros were saying that Casper had been repeatedly insulted by the galleries a year ago and that he never wanted to go near New York again. Trevino, like most players, was miffed because he could not bring his regular tour caddie with him. So he went fishing instead. Tom Weiskopf went fishing, too, after shooting a 42 on the front nine Thursday and then blaming it all on his caddie. "What do I have here—a caddie?" Weiskopf snarled. "He's a joke!" On one hole the caddie had interrupted Weiskopf to remind him that the wind was blowing from right to left.

Then Arnold Palmer, the defending champion, shanked all kinds of short putts and missed the 36-hole cut by a

continued

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stroke. "I'm going home for a rest," Palmer said. "I've played in six straight tournaments. I want to take it easy and play a little tennis. Whatever you do, don't tell Jack I'm practicing my tennis," Nicklaus laughed. "That will give us something to do afterwards," he said. Nicklaus has become a tennis nut, and he owns one of the few grass courts in Florida. "Chris Evert calls me all the time and asks if she can use it," Nicklaus said. "Hek, she'd beat me in straight sets."

With Trevino fishing and Palmer flubbing, Nicklaus was the obvious gallery favorite at Westchester, a new situation this year. "Suddenly Jack has gone from the villain to the hero," said Dan Sikes. "I played with him when he won here in 1967, and I think we had a gallery of two every day." The crowds surged around Nicklaus all week, cheering wildly every time he made a shot. "I can't believe it," he said. "Every time I walked after a shot, they cheered."

But they also cheered Nevi and Simons, too, although most of them probably thought Nevi was just some visiting fireman—which, in a sense, he was. In 25 tournaments this year Nevi had made the cut only 10 times, and he had been forced to shoot a 65 in the qualifier on Monday just to play at Westchester. "Nobody knows me because my caddy doesn't have my name tag on his back," Nevi said after his rounds of 66 and 65 led Nicklaus by a stroke after 36 holes. Nevi, 27, turned pro in 1965, did four years in the Air Force and then really did become a fireman "so I could play golf all day."

Last fall he was discovered at a pro-am in the Catskill Mountains by three men from Newburgh, N.Y., and they offered to sponsor him on the tour. "We liked the way he walked and we liked his humble attitude," one of them said. "He has a lot of confidence and no ego." Now they give Nevi an allowance of \$500 a week "even if he kicks the ball along the fairway." To celebrate his strong play the first two rounds, Nevi and his wife went to a nearby ASPCA office and picked up two poodles. They named one "West" and the other, predictably, "Chester."

Nevi, like Simons, eventually succumbed to the unrelenting pressure ap-

plied by the dogged Nicklaus, but he did finish third to win \$17,750, easily his most lucrative week on the tour. "One thing I learned here," he said, "is that I can compete with these players. One week like this means an awful lot mentally when you haven't exactly been a big winner."

Simons, too, faced constant pressure. "I don't think Jimmy realizes how tough it's going to be for him on the tour," said pro Hubert Green. "Right now he's too nice. You have to be pretty mean to win out here. Also, for a few years he has been the head honcho among the amateurs. You know, the kid who did well in the Open and the Masters. Everywhere he went he was the king. Out here it's another world, and it's going to take him a while to adapt to it. I'll tell you something else. All those trophies he has won don't count now. Out here he eat gold—not silver."

The one thing that always has impressed the pros about Simons is his ability to manage his own game. "He knows what he can do and what he can't do," Nicklaus said, "and he never tries to do the impossible." When he sets up over the ball, Simons looks as though he is resting in a chair, his backside protruding sharply, but he has a more solid, more compact swing than most of the other top amateurs who have turned pro recently, including Lanny Wadkins and Steve Melnyk.

Simons normally fades the ball, like Nicklaus, but last week he found that as the pressure increased he began to pull his shots. "I also seemed to lose all sense of touch when the pressure became really tense," he said. "My putts would turn up short, way short, and, even though I'd measure the distance for my chips, I'd hit them way short or way long."

Off the course, Simons was hounded by lawyers and agents who would like to represent his future interests. For a fee, of course. "Right now I don't know anything about their game," Simons said after making dinner arrangements with Ed Barner, who represents Casper, John Miller and Jerry Heard among others. "I'm just going to tell them, 'Draw up your best contract, men, and I'll take my pick.'" Even though Simons made the cut at Westchester and as a rule

would be permitted to play in the next event on the tour, he will not play in another PGA-sponsored tournament until at least November.

"I've used up all my three sponsors' exemptions for this year," he said, "and now I've got to go through the PGA schools." The regional will be held at Rockville, Md. the last week of September, and then the final qualifier will be at Napa, Calif. the last week of October. "Some strong players haven't made it through the schools," Simons said. "A whole year rides on them." If he fails? Simons does not like to entertain the question.

While Simons and Nevi worried about Nicklaus most of the time, Jack spent a routine week returning to earth. "You can't believe what it has been like the last four months," he said at dinner Saturday night. "They were talking and writing about the Grand Slam even before I played the Masters. After this tournament I'm going home for two weeks. I've only been home for three days since the beginning of June. Believe me, that won't happen again."

The next day he went out and shot a calm 68, which together with his 65-67-70 gave him a 270, lowest score on the tour this year. Although Nevi trailed by only one stroke through part of the round and Colbert put on his brilliant closing drive—five birdies and two eagles (one of them a hole-in-one) for a 65—Nicklaus never appeared less than a winner. On the final hole, a par 5, he gave the large gallery at the 18th green a marvelous demonstration of Nicklaus power, hitting two tremendous woods that left him 25 feet from the pin. He missed his eagle putt, but the tap-in birdie gave him the victory over Colbert by a comfortable three strokes.

When he headed for Florida Sunday night, he left with \$240,415 in earnings for the year, only \$4,075 short of the record \$244,490 he amassed last year. Nicklaus has played in 15 U.S. tournaments in 1972, has won five of them and finished second three other times and has averaged roughly \$16,000 an event. He plans to play in at least five more tournaments this year and thus has an excellent chance of topping the \$300,000 mark.

"The rest of us," said Jim Simons, "just dream of such things." **END**



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Strike Out at a hot pace in a dead heat

Gene Riegler is a soft-spoken, perpetually smiling 44-year-old driver from Ohio who badly wanted to make the \$92,000 Adios his first victory in a big-time harness event. But Riegler was no hungrier for a win in this rich race for 3-year-olds than was Canadian Keith Waples, who previously had won big races and big purses driving favored Strike Out. Waples' appetite for victory was whetted because he had almost lost his seat in Strike Out's sulky shortly before the start of the final heat of The Adios. As a result, when the two of them met on the track at The Meadows near Pittsburgh last Saturday night, Riegler and Waples both drove so hard that it was a full eight minutes after they had crossed the finish line before either knew what had happened. As the tote board lights finally flashed, two numbers appeared, one and nine, indicating the first dead heat ever in a classic harness race.

"It's as good as winning it all," said Riegler as officials draped the blanket of orchids over both his Jay Time and the colt from Canada. "We've been trying to beat Strike Out all season."

"I'm glad it turned out like this," said Waples. "It was such a great race and so close all the way, it would have been a shame for either of us to lose."

Losing is something neither colt has been doing much of lately. Strike Out, last year's top 2-year-old pacer, went into The Adios with seven wins and five seconds in 14 outings. He was looking for his fourth straight victory. Jay Time had won four straight before finishing second to Strike Out two weeks ago at Yonkers. But they would not be simply challenging each other in The Adios, for the field was head to head with excellent entries, including Lynden Bye Bye, another Canadian colt, Johnny Simpson Jr.'s Hilarious Way, winner of the Cane Futurity, and Billy Haughton's Cory, who held the fastest time in the record 16-horse field with a 1:56 2/5 at Vernon Downs in July. Due to the long list of challengers the field was split into two divisions, with the top

five finishers in each returning for the final. "There are so many good pacers this year, you can't blame them all for wanting to get in," said Del Miller, who owned the famed Adios and inaugurated the race named after him six years ago.

The first heat was a romp for Johnny Simpson and Hilarious Way as they finished 5 1/4 lengths ahead of 14-to-1 shot Good Bye Columbus. The draw for the heats put most of the toughest horses—Cory, Lynden Bye Bye, Strike Out and Jay Time—in the second race and left the drivers of other pacers wishing they had stayed home. "It was my luck to draw this heat," moaned Canadian Jack Kopas before he took Shadow Star onto the track. "I've got the six post, and it'll be a tough trip. I guess I should have sent my colt back to Canada."

Kopas, who finished last, was right, but another Canadian, banjo-playing Harold McKinley who drove Lynden Bye Bye, had a surprise for both Riegler and Waples. Jay Time took the lead at the half-mile pole with Strike Out sitting fourth and Lynden tucked in behind. McKinley made his move on the final turn and roared up the outside. When the dust on the stretch had cleared, Lynden had beaten Strike Out by a nose and Jay Time by 2 1/4 lengths.

But it was McKinley's turn to moan as the post positions for the final were drawn. "I've got No. 2, and I'll never make it out of there," he said. "Lynden just doesn't get away from the gate fast enough." Riegler winced as he and Jay Time drew No. 5. "Looks like another rough trip," he said.

Strike Out's outspoken owner, John Hayes, could not have been happier. Strike Out was posted No. 3 with Hilarious Way one and Good Bye Columbus four. "We should do it this time," Hayes said. He then kept Driver Waples in suspense for a little while as he pondered what to do about a driver for Alley Fighter, his other entry who had qualified with a fourth-place finish in the first race.

Waples, a gallant little man who has been driving harness horses in Canada for 35 years but only in the last few has gained prominence in the States, offered to drive Alley Fighter and let Hayes take Strike Out. "Hmmm," said Hayes and went up to the barn to put on his silks. When he came down in his green and pink Bee Jay Stable colors he had already given officials his answer: he would drive Alley Fighter. "I'll just be out there for the ride, anyhow, since Alley Fighter has No. 8. Who in the world would take Keith off of Strike Out now? Certainly not me."

It was 11:45 and the fog was rolling in over the hills of western Pennsylvania when the drivers were at last called to their horses. "Well, here goes," said Riegler. "I'd sure like to win this for Mr. Baas." Jay Time's owner Carl Baas, a 71-year-old fertilizer dealer from Columbus, Ohio, bred the Knight Time colt and assigned Riegler to train him.

"If you see me in trouble, you better try to come get me," Waples said to Hayes. And they were off.

Jay Time broke to the lead, but by the half, Strike Out had taken over. They were speeding along toward the 3/4 pole when Haughton drove Cory three wide up the backstretch to challenge the leaders. As they turned into the stretch, it was impossible to determine whether Strike Out, on the rail, or Cory was leading. At the same moment Riegler, who had been sitting in third, sailed Jay Time to the outside and drew up even with Waples' colt. For the last 110 yards Jay Time and Strike Out raced neck and neck with Cory nestled between them. When they hit the wire in 1:59 3/5, it was so close that nobody even offered an opinion on the winner. The photo showed two noses directly on the wire with Cory, also timed at 1:59 3/5, half a length behind. "The greatest finish ever," said Riegler as he shook hands with Waples back in the paddock. Keith Waples gallantly nodded his head. **END**

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A KING WITHOUT A CROWN

With the recent departures of Charles de Gaulle, J. Edgar Hoover and Don Vito Corleone, there are not many, as they say in the eulogy trade, "giants" left on this earth. Not many of that very special, one-of-a-kind, towering eminence sort of fellow standing head and heart above the rest in his chosen field, who has it, knows it, does it, loves it and flaunts it. Not many, to be more specific, who would dare to say of himself, in a pensive moment over a nip of brandy and with great humility aforethought, "It is a good feeling to know that I am the only one of my kind in the history of the world."

Eddie Feigner said that the other day. *Eddie Feigner?*

Uh-huh, Eddie Feigner, the former Myrle King of Walla Walla, Wash., long since and now, too, also known as The King. Eddie Feigner, the last true barnstormer. Eddie Feigner is *The King*, as in *The King and His Court* traveling four-man softball circus, magic tricks and laugh-track show—pack up the babes and grab the old ladies; everyone goes, everyone knows—and he said that. Make no mistake about it; make this one thing perfectly clear. Eddie Feigner was right. Kings are always right.

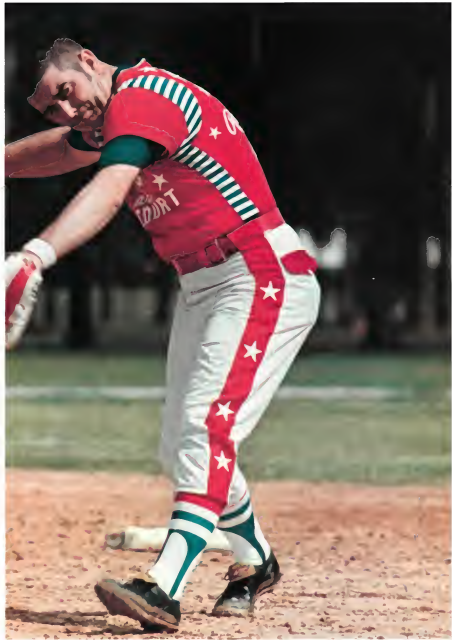
What Eddie Feigner has been doing for the past 27 years to achieve his particular gargantuan status is truly remarkable. While his game of fast-pitch softball has been dying a slow and painful death due to faulty organization and under-the-table skulduggery, while the sport was literally stripped of its birthright in small towns and hamlets across America and turned into a plaything of big industry and commercial interests, Eddie Feigner and his four-man team have been out there on the road, crossing the country in a station wagon four times a season. *The King and His Court* have been out there knowing, doing, loving and flaunting softball.

All these years they have been playing 200 games

in 5½ months. Playing hot, cold, sunburned, wind-blown, hurt, sick, drunk, hung over and tired, always tired. Playing in cow pastures, hockey fields, cricket grounds, penitentiaries, youth camps, hospitals, cemeteries, parking lots, playgrounds, airplane runways, rifle ranges, stockyards, racetracks, gravel patches, gymnasiums, rodeo arenas, Astrodomes and even an occasional ball diamond. Playing through rain, fog, sleet, snow, heat waves and tornadoes. Playing every day, sometimes in towns 24 hours apart and in doubleheaders that start in one county and end in another four hours away. Playing *tripleheaders*, for Pete's sake. Hitting, throwing, pitching, catching, running, selling. They have been out there performing their tails off, snapping out comic dialogue and trick plays, entertaining 5,000 here, 75 there; driving all night to do it; barnstorming the living daylight out of the game of softball and maybe saving it, too.

The King and His Court have played to 11 million people. They have traveled 2½ million miles. They have appeared in 49 states, in eight Canadian provinces, in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, in over 2,500 towns and cities both here and abroad and probably in your own backyard. Feigner himself has made 48 foreign tours, pitched in his 5,000th

roundball



THE KING Continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SANCHEZ

game last month, struck out 85,000 men, women and children, 15,000 of them while he was blindfolded. He has thrown 1,500 shutouts, 800 no-hitters, 200 perfect games, pitched in 9,000 exhibitions, beat the daylight out of anybody you can name and made all of them look foolish, from championship nine-man teams to guys just off their tractor; from Say Hey Willie Mays to woof, woof Lassie.

He has been, as any fool for history must consider, a phenomenon in his sport—equal parts Sandy Koufax, Walter Johnson, Cy Young and Boots Poffenberger with some flavor of Ruth and Cobb in there, too. Because, of course, Eddie Feigner can hit the ball as well as throw it. Such names long since have been mounted on pedestals, but Feigner belongs, just the same. He is that good.

Softball being what it is, the simple fact about Eddie Feigner (pronounced Fayner) remains: at 47 years of age he is the most undervalued athlete of his time. A consummate showman, he has been denied the center ring all his life. He is vaudeville in the age of television, a giant only in the bushes, a king without a throne.

Still, the mind boggles at the mass of his accomplishments, and Feigner is understandably proud.

"I am the world's finest softball pitcher by at least 100%," says The King. "I mean, I can say this because I have never met or seen anybody who was anywhere near half as good as me. I have perfect control. I throw the best change-

up there ever was. I throw other pitches nobody can. My in-drop and in-raise are superpitches and unique. Anyone can throw the out-drop or out-raise, but everywhere I travel pitchers ask me how to throw the others. Who else pitches blindfolded? Who else pitches from second base? I used to throw strikes from center field. I struck out a batter from center once. We figured that would never happen again, so we took it out of the show. Who else pitches from behind his back or between his legs? For strikes? My fastball was clocked at 104 mph. Check Koufax. Check Feller. I'm the fastest. There have been only three or four arms like mine ever in history. I once struck out a man on our pitch; he swung and missed three times at the same changeup.

"My figure-eight windmill with quarter-speed out-raise pitch?" says Feigner. "Forget it. Nobody hits it. I have a whirligig with a cross-fire in-drop at three-quarter speed. Forget it, too. School's out. I can't throw hard every day anymore, but it doesn't matter. If I ever bear down, the teams we play don't have a chance in hell. I still can throw faster than anybody going. If I could have pitched with three days' rest all my life, I wouldn't have lost 10 games yet.

"I have to play with a four-man team. If I got nine together, the game would be a farce. Four men, remember. Four men against nine. And we win nine times out of 10. Amazing. It really is. You can bet that if the bottom line of our con-

tract read we don't get paid if we lose, we'd never lose. One of the newspaper boys said it best many years ago. Quote frankly, it is the only time the accurate story ever came out in public about The King and His Court. He said Feigner could play with the plumber, the maid and grease monkey and still win.

"It's hard for me to sit here and say this, but it's illogical and amazing how many guys join my ball club who think I'm great, then, after playing for a while with The King, say, 'I knew you were great, but I never dreamed you were this great.' Let me tell you one thing. Put this in there. My team is the greatest story in sports of the last quarter century. I'm supposed to donate my arm to science when I die. They asked me. Can you imagine that? My arm never ceases to amaze even me."

To appreciate how close Eddie Feigner approaches the truth in his lengthy, practically everyday soliloquies into the life and times of The King and His Court it would be necessary to spend a week with his hearty band—drinking, eating, riding the country roads, staying up all night, sitting in the dugouts and watching a number of their combination game-shows. Since such an expedition is nearly impossible for any human on the near side of good health and accepted sanity to endure, it is certainly enough to encounter The King just once, say during a game-show in Dade City, Fla.

April is the spring training month for the Court. It is when Feigner, arriving

from his home in Fallbrook, Calif., gathers with his men in the South to work the kinks out during contests up and down Florida, as well as in Cullman, Ala.; Laurel, Miss.; Lamarque, Texas; and any other Southern part of heaven that a road has been built to.

On this particular day The King and His Court wake up at four a.m. after a game in Key West and drive their station wagon 300 miles through the picturesque Keys to the Winter Haven area.

The King keeps saying the Keys are picturesque, but the Court can't quite make them out in the dark. Two nights before, the team played Gainesville up

semer but not buck high school football. To play midweek games in the fall and play them an hour earlier so that the kids get to bed on school nights and mom and dad don't miss the new TV shows. There are other factors in scheduling, of course. As The King says, "The single most important thing to remember on the road is bowel movement."

Riding up from Key West that morning, The King remembered to start at an ungodly hour in order to beat the bumper-to-bumper traffic of fishermen packing the bridges. Despite the time of day, he drives the wagon the way he almost always does. Feigner's right arm is propped on a pillow to ward off stiffness, fatigue, and—not incidentally—to protect the livelihood of every one of the automobile's occupants. Feigner's neck is swathed in towel for warmth and as a covering against the air conditioning as well as any other breeze that might happen in. Feigner's silver-black hair bristles straight up in the front, introducing one of the very last—John Unitas and Gene Shue rest in peace—standup brush cuts in sports. Feigner's lips surround a horrible-looking rum-flavored tobacco item known as a Wolf Brothers Crook. The King says he does not smoke or chew or drink much, but he does gnaw on at least two packages of these awful "crooks" a day, enabling him, in reality, to get much of the effects of smoking, drinking and chewing at the same time. Jars of peanut butter and mayonnaise for sandwiches are not far from the driver's side and neither are fresh strawberries. The King loves his strawberries. The car radio is not on; the car radio is never on. The King hates pop music.

It is hardly beside the point that in the next two days The King and His Court will wait around all day in Tampa, only to get rained out of a little park in Ybor City where 25 people will show up; will drive from nine Saturday night until noon the next Sunday—15 hours straight, all night long—to play an afternoon date in Baton Rouge, then will collapse in their rooms when no saloon can be found open that evening.

If the paying customer—\$2 per adult, \$1 for kids—had to go through the same regimen the players endure to arrive at every game, The King and His Court show still would be worth it. After all these years there are local promoters and

managers around who don't quite believe that Feigner is the genuine item. "You want me to get the other five now?" they say upon their arrival. Or, "What's the joke?"

But no. No joke. There are just the four and one or two other men on the bench in case of fire, famine or flood. Feigner starts a performance by warming up for a few minutes with any number of his 19 windups, 14 hand deliveries, five speeds and 1,300 different pitches. He uses only about 30 or 40 different pitches in a game, but they are, of course, enough.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," Feigner says over the mike this evening. "The King and His Court welcome you and this very fine team that is out here to beat us tonight. We want you to keep rooting for them, anyway."

"People always wonder why we have four men instead of three or two. That's so we'll have a hitter when we get the bases loaded. You may wonder what happens when we get 'em loaded and our fourth man strikes out . . . three times. Well, that happened twice, and he is no longer with us."

"Remember, this is all for fun, so don't ruin the evening by worrying about the score. That's been taken care of."

And The King and His Court are on. Unlike the Harlem Globetrotters, who have become conglomerated, big-moneyed parodies of themselves and hire their opponents to lose, Feigner faces teams every night that are out to beat him, make names for themselves in the local burg and earn clippings for their own scrapbooks. Town and country hotshots treasure their hits off The King; time and again, out on the road some old-timer will come upon Feigner and challenge his recall of a squib single the oldster got off him in Bette back in 1955. "I should remember that one," The King will reply more often than not. "Weren't many hits that year?"

Most of the time these days Feigner is playing against men who have lost to him before; sometimes he is facing a third generation. They know all the tricks, and sometimes they don't cooperate. "It's easy for the Globetrotters because the other team plays along," says Feigner. "But we get teams who don't care about the people in the stands, the show, the money or anything. They just want to beat us. They actually think the crowd came to see them."



there in the panhandle, then got in the station wagon and drove all the way down to Key West, arriving at seven a.m. After last night's games they got three hours' sleep before mounting up to go north again. This then is the second time within the past 24 hours the Court has missed the picturesque Keys. It is a safe bet the Court does not care.

Twenty-seven years on the road have taught him some things about scheduling, Eddie Feigner is saying. For instance: to play Florida early in the spring when the Easter tourists are still around. To finish in the mid-East by mid-May before the rain comes. To stay out of Texas at tornado time. To go to Canada in mid-June as summer breaks over the West. To play the big gates of St. Paul and Detroit and Long Island in July and August. To hit South Bend and Ann Arbor while the university summer sessions are on. To go inland from the East Coast by the third week of August in order to escape the stirring hurricanes. To come West in Sep-

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THE KING continued

Deep down, Feigner's true show is founded upon comic surprise and deception with most of the laughs, luckily, being visual. (Faulty microphones sport a lot of the team's socko verbal numbers.) Besides pitching from behind his back and between his legs, throwing fast, slow, in between and every other which way, plus blindfolded and from second base, The King sometimes doesn't pitch the ball at all. One of the best routines in the act is when Feigner moves into some of his multiple, collapsible windups, tangles his arms and legs, untwists his belly and fires the ball behind his back and into his own glove. Simultaneously, the catcher stands up to obscure the umpire's vision and slams his mitt as though he has caught the ball.

Many umpires have called a strike rather than admit they didn't see the pitch. Once, in Edmonton, Alberta a violent argument ensued over such a call between the batter and umpire. Normally Feigner points out his mistake to the arbiter, but this time The King was laughing too hard, the batter was arguing because he thought the pitch was high.

The other members of the Court are hardly straight men. Al Jackson, the first baseman who has been with Feigner for 15 years, is a wizard with a bat and glove. A big boisterous Irishman from New England, Jackson's specialty is throwing two and three softballs simultaneously and accurately while playing catch with the rest of the team in the pregame warmup. It is such a subtle talent that half the crowds miss it, but when they do catch on, Jackson receives some of the loudest cheers of the night.

The rest of the team consists of Doug Anderson, a 6' 4", 250-pound catcher and nephew of Cincinnati Red Manager Sparky Anderson, who claims he hit 79 home runs last season; Floyd Berger, who played a little football at VPI and who is currently Anderson's left-handed catching substitute; Feigner's son Eddie Jr. for "J R." as he is called by those who respect his abhorrence of the name Junior, who plays shortstop; and Gary (Hawk) West, a 30-year-old Californian who fills in everywhere on the field—especially at short when Junior, uh, J R., is in class at San Jacinto (Calif.) Junior College.

The genuine show in Dude City as every other place, however, is Eddie Feigner Sr. Step right up. Watch The King pick off a runner behind his back. Watch

him hit a triple with a 22-inch bat. Listen to his monologue and watch him pitch blindfolded. At the same time all this is going on, don't miss the oldtime barnstorming sight of the other unformed members of the team making their way through the aisles to piddle. The King and His Court souvenir booklets (50c) with 38 different pictures of The King himself, plus shots of every celebrity imaginable, from Jerry Lewis to Elder Fagal of the *Faith for Today* TV program.

Members of the Court claim that last year oneirate gentleman, obviously disappointed in his copy, accosted The King from behind the first base dugout with, "Feigner, you idiot! You're the worst epout I've ever seen in my life!"

The King denies this. "It's my booklet. We've sold 20,000 of them," he says. "But nobody ever said that to my face. If they did, they'd get decked right then and there. I've worked long and hard for what I've got, and the road has been tough. I won't begrudge myself a booklet. If they don't like it, they know what they can do with it."

Before he became the best pitcher in softball, Eddie Feigner drove trucks and cabs and buses and trolleys. He operated cranes, worked docks, played saxophone, kept cost-accounting books, dug ditches, conducted streetcars, washed dishes and practiced stand-up comedy. He wanted tables, hustled used cars, sold vacuum cleaners, installed furnaces, cut asparagus, handled the public-address system at Cypress Gardens, packed prunes, introduced strippers, pumped gas, sang tenor at funerals, fixed air conditioners, hawked vitamin pills door-to-door, sold burlesque tickets, peddled lumber, wrote sports, hammered nails and became an expert gourmet cook while working under a man Feigner refers to with suitable reverence as "the famous Boothby of the Skyview Grill at the Portland airport."

In addition to this, poverty, tragedy and just plain weird doings stalked Feigner in his early years to such an extent that the results easily could fill the time slots of several daytime television series.

Facts are hazy, but as near as Feigner can piece it together, he was immediately separated from his unwed mother on that March day in 1925 when he was born in Walla Walla. About the

same time Mary King, a 50-year-old woman who had already raised four sons, lost her own change-of-life baby shortly after delivery. She readily accepted the other infant, the adoption was accomplished without papers and the baby was christened Myrle Vernon King. It was five years later that little Myrle learned of his heritage.

A staunch Seventh Day Adventist who had crossed the country in a wagon train as a young girl, Mrs. King raised the new child alone after her husband deserted her at the height of the Depression. Through his first 16 years, Myrle King ate nothing but powdered eggs, milk and potatoes. He was raised according to the strict tenets of the church. He was denied movies and radio, newspapers and candy bars. He was not allowed to go to a birthday party or a dance. Until he was almost 15, he did not know that major league baseball or hamburgers existed.

When he was still a boy at his church-affiliated school the other kids taunted King ("You little bastard," "sweet orphan sucker") and either shunned him or beat him up. "They used to fishpond me every day," says Feigner. "It wasn't a fun afternoon unless they had thrown the little bastard King into the fishpond and whipped up on him. Then another orphan moved in, Eddie Cots, and he could fight. He was my best friend, and none of them touched me after that or they had to mess with Eddie Cots. He was a great fighter, fast, and he could have taken on Sugar Ray if he had lived."

Eddie Cots died at 16 in what Feigner remembers as "a tragic logging accident" (in reality he was knifed by a lumberjack boy in a fight over a girl), but he was to live on among The King and His Court; Myrle King later borrowed his own first name from Eddie Cots.

The kids at school still refused to let the orphan boy into their softball games (baseball was considered too worldly by Seventh Day Adventists; young King thought the game too slow and boring besides), so he went away on his own and learned to pitch.

When a part-Cherokee Indian lad named Meade Kinzer moved to town and brought along a softball, King and Kinzer became so good at pitch and catch that the others had to let them play. "I always knew I had a good arm, but I didn't really know for sure until I got into competition," says Feigner.

By Leo Lind

THE KING continued

"From the beginning, all strikeouts." As battery mates, King and Kinzer were not to lose a game from the fourth grade until their third season with The King and His Court—just about 13 years.

While still a junior high, King became the best pitcher for the local college team. By the time he was 16, pitching six nights a week in men's leagues, striking out the side almost every inning and impressing everybody with how obnoxious he could be, a move was on to halt such nonsense. Shortly the Walla Walla leagues banned him from the mound: Myrle King had to play outfield or not play at all.

By this time the youngster had also abandoned school as an impossibility and turned into a confirmed roustabout. He was permanently kicked out of Walla Walla Academy when he bombarded the school with rocks wrapped in putty. Drifting around Portland, Ore. and Seattle, scraping, living in flophouses, sleeping in parked cars, stealing bottles to cash in for refund pennies, walking lunch counter checks, King was a lost soul until he enlisted in the Marines in 1942. One summer later he was almost dead.

The trauma of his youth had been too much for Myrle King. In the Marines he suffered several nervous breakdowns, stumbled through two unhappy marriages, repeatedly tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists, crashing his jeep or maiming himself in some other desperate fashion. In a training flight accident he suffered massive concussions, a caved-in face, split-open scalp and the loss of almost all his teeth. Finally he was committed to the X ward and later released from the service.

"The X ward was the rubber room, a place for quackees, and I belonged," says Feigner. "I was wacky and wanted to die. I was a pitiful, screwed-up person with no home, no father and no real mother I knew about. I was an uncouth, uneducated, arrogant, belligerent, no-good, miserable excuse for a human being. I was bent on destroying myself. A psychiatrist told me I'd never straighten up until I found my mother. When I did, it completely changed my life."

On the night of Dec. 16, 1945—after a series of nearly miraculous incidents—Myrle King finally found his real mother.

Earlier, in the Walla Walla hall of records, the pitcher had discovered a To

Whom It May Concern letter left by a lady named Naomi Feigner stating the fact of her son's birth on March 26, 1925. Feigner's own birth date, Naomi herself had been searching for him all these years, and had even entered the Women's Air Force in hopes of finding her son. Long ago, when they had been living only a few blocks, but several worlds, apart in Walla Walla—he is the impoverished Myrle King, she the wife of a successful grocery-store owner—the son had mowed his mother's lawn and done other errands around her home; at the time neither of them knew about the other.

The aging Mary King and her relatives had been in communication with Naomi's family about the return of the son. An appointment was arranged for Myrle to meet his mother. On that winter night he put on his full dress Marine blues and his perfectly spit-shined shoes to introduce himself to his mother for the first time. He was 20 years old.

"There was snow on the ground and a holiday smell in the air when I went to her door," Feigner recalls. "I could see the Christmas tree up with all the lights on. Then this magnificent-looking silver-haired lady with a black floor-length dress on and a diamond brooch in her hair came to the door. She was the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She opened the door and looked at me. She said, 'So you are my son.' I said, 'Yes, I guess I am.' We cried and hawled and squealed for hours. She didn't know what my favorite dinner was. She had set the table with turkey, chicken, steak, shrimp and every vegetable plus all kinds of desserts. I could have been a vegetarian, and not appreciated any of it, but she wouldn't have cared. It was the first time I knew what a mother's love could be. That morning she had bought a new Buick for me, she had signed over her bank account, she had stocked an entire closet with clothes that fit me. Naomi said if I had come to her when I was eight years old the closet would have been full then, too. She had purchased a full wardrobe of new clothes with different sizes every year I had been gone. I said I didn't need the money, but I could sure use the car.

"I became an individual person after that," says Feigner. "I changed my name that very week. I became Eddie Feigner—from Eddie Colts and Naomi Feigner. Being Myrle King was a disgraceful,

sleazy existence to me, and I wanted it over. I loved Mrs. King, but I was so sick of life as her son. If I had it to do over, I wouldn't have moved in with my real mother. I would have gone back to see Mrs. King more. She started to die right then. I think I broke her heart."

Not long after the reunion between mother and son the wondrous four-man team started—on a dare. Back in 1946, pitching for Kilburg's Grocery on the Green Pea League of the Walla Walla valley, Feigner had defeated a team from Pendleton, Ore. 33-0. Later at a tavern the Pendleton manager dropped a snide remark Feigner's way. The King whirled and replied, "You're so pitiful, I could lick you with my catcher."

"Put up or shut up," said the manager.

"I'll need four guys on my side to hit," said Feigner, "and you'll be sorry."

Bong. Bong. The game was on. Feigner selected three players, all Seventh Day Adventists he had known since the fourth grade, including Kinzer, the catcher, and they repaired to the state prison for practice against a nine-man contingent of convicts. There, against a backdrop of high walls and barbed wire, The King and His Court was born.

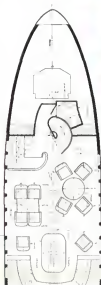
Playing along easily against the inmates that first time, one of the Court said to Feigner, "Hey, King, they don't hit you very much." Against Pendleton they didn't hit him at all. The King pitched a perfect game, struck out every batter except two ("one pulled a sneak bunt," he says, "and another hit a duck grounder to the first baseman"), and the four men won 7-0. News of Feigner's feat spread across the Blue Mountains, and soon game challenges from every town and city in the state. Originally the team would play only two winning exhibition prior to regular games, but then more and more people showed up to see the gamut. During the next four years the Court went on to play nearly 250 games, never farther east than Idaho. Then, in 1950, Feigner and the rest found themselves jobless, they decided to go on a cross-country tour.

They sent out over 3,000 letters to service organizations, charity groups, local governments and anybody they could think of who might sponsor a game. The results were disastrous—only a couple of replies from Florida. The team took off for the Deep South anyway.

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sleeping and eating in their station wagon. When they got as far as El Paso they discovered the Amateur Softball Association had barred all of its members from playing the Court. That meant all teams. Still, in places like Prescott, Ariz. and Biloxi, Miss. Feigner was able to pick up games after jumping out of the wagon and showing the promoters his pitching in the street.

"Four men? You nuts!" ridiculed the local doubters.

"Watch this," said The King, uncoiling his whirlingig.

"Damn! You on?" concluded everybody.

A team in Waverly, Fla. was the first to spurn the dictates of the ASA. Waverly played Feigner and his gang twice for \$200 apiece. Back at home, however, the Court's families were in panic. No finances were forthcoming, the electricity and water were being turned off and the kids were going hungry. The team slept on the beach in St. Petersburg for two nights, then headed to Al Lang Field for what they thought might be their last game. On the way to the park the men encountered a sizable traffic jam involving hundreds of cars which they figured were lined up for a wrestling match or something. Instead, the cars were waiting to get into Al Lang Field to see The King and His Court.

There were 4,000 people there that night; one of them was a promoter for the Canadian National Exhibition who contracted The King to do his stuff in Toronto at the end of the summer. During the 1950 CNE Feigner played for eight days in front of huge crowds and went on to wage a much-publicized scoreless tie and then a 1-0 victory over the Tip Top Tailors, the then world champions of softball. More than anything else those dates in Canada showered The King with legitimacy, granted him a constituency of softball buffs all over North America and, especially, assured his team's success during the many years to come.

Through the early days the team slept on orange crates and ate dinners of Spam while Feigner had to heck most of his house on returning from the tour each season. It was easy for the Court to grow restive and disenchanted. Nevertheless, The King himself saw light at the end of the tunnel. In 1955 he finally turned a profit of about \$5,000. In 1964, after appearing on the CBS Sports Spec-

tacular, Feigner doubled his gate and souvenir booklet prices and also was able to double his guarantee and/or percentage of the take. Today The King earns about \$40,000 for his half year's work while the rest of the troupe clears a healthy nickel themselves.

Progress from the early trials can be seen most clearly in Feigner's controversial booklet, which began as a tiny afterthought dominated by dark, blurred and sometimes backward pictures taken with a Brownie, and by an interesting text that in one place read, "Every man on the team has a nickname they call each other. Each can tell when he is being called, yet they call everyone 'Buddy.' If you're anywhere and hear someone call, 'Hey, Buddy,' you will know who is there, probably."

The current booklet has color covers, pitching tips, profiles of the players, advertisements and reprints from favorable columns, in addition to all those pictures of Eddie with his celeb friends. You cannot tell the singers from the comedians without one.

The turnover among members of The King and His Court (22 players over the years) has been light, considering the perils of the road and the fact that it is practically a one-man show. Sadly, the departures have been acrimonious—especially when the original men quit the team. Feigner no longer sees those he went through so many years of school and travel with, and he is not on speaking terms with two of them. The essential problem was that they all owned the team, but Feigner got the glory. One original player-owner, unable to get along with him but nevertheless disinclined to quit, stayed with The King for 12 years. All the while, he never rode in the same car seat with Feigner, and even made deliberate outs and errors to make The King angry.

Feigner has never imposed fines on his men as they do in the big leagues—he just fires them all. Once a championship pitcher who had recently joined the Court broke one of The King's sturdiest rules—never call his motel room before noon—by dialing Feigner at eight in the morning.

"Is the motel burning down?" asked The King.

"No," answered the new player.

"You're fired," said Feigner. And then he hung up the phone.

The King often speaks of these leave-takings as historical points of order, and he seems to take pride in his iron hand. "Fines usually aren't stiff enough, but in our situation they'd be too stiff, so I fire a man instead," he says. "It may be just an overnight firing, but it's still a firing. You can bet on that."

The quick dismissal is a standing joke with the team. Feigner fired the same player six times over a period of years—once after the man borrowed several hundred dollars from the team, ostensibly to buy braces for his paraplegic child. Instead he deserted the Court and blew his wad in Reno. Presto, fired—until he came back out on the road a few weeks later and rejoined the team.

Probably The King and His Court act was at its funniest when a 265-pound catcher named Bill Kehrer played for the team a few years ago. Kehrer introduced dialogue between home plate and the mound. He imitated effeminate gestures. He ad-libbed well, became a humorous and true clown and was a fine drinking companion. Once, in a Schenectady, N.Y. watering hole, Kehrer and Al Jackson, engaging in a heavy liquid bout, wittily played ticktaektoe on the head of a bald man seated at the bar. Under the circumstances they were all set for a major brawl. Instead the bareheaded gentleman turned around and inquired, "Who's winning?"

Alas, Bill Kehrer was fired, too. On that occasion Jackson asked, "How bad was he fired?" But the portly catcher was gone for good.

Feigner insists he has fired Jackson "at least three times"—once when the two men's wives got into a scratch-and-claw, knockdown, drag-out argument in the dugout at Muncie, Ind. Feigner says he threw Lorna Jackson out of the dugout and issued an ultimatum that the first baseman keep his wife out or get out himself. The Jacksons then flew off to their home in Toronto.

Jackson's version varies somewhat. He says when The King threw out Lorna, he himself ordered her back into the dugout.

"Get her out of there!" Feigner shouted.

"You like those gold teeth in your upper plate?" Jackson shouted back.

This wonderful little exhibition of teamwork took place in front of 2,000 people sitting in the stands who must have considered it an excellent addition

continued

THE KING discovers

to the show, Jackson and his wife ended up staying, says Jackson, and The King ended the argument by simply saying, "You're the next batter."

"It's good Al forgives and forgets," says Feigner. "He really rolls with the punches and lets things slide away, just like water off a duck's back. Al Jackson is the most loyal, dedicated gentleman I've ever had on this team."

Lorna Jackson, too, has been a welcome addition to the crew. On being shown inferior motel rooms during an engagement in Bermuda, Lorna, who is British, intoned to the bellman, "Dahling, The King will never accept those accommodations." The hotel management, unaware of a traveling four-man softball team, was so puzzled and upset over the impending arrival of a monarch that a three-room suite on the bay was readied for King Eddie Feigner.

Georgia Feigner, The King's present wife, helps with fan mail, phone calls and scheduling, and endures the road quite admirably for a woman who suffers from extreme claustrophobia. She undergoes terrible hardship in elevators, tunnels and rooms with no windows. But she is accustomed to coping. As a polo-stricken girl, Georgia had to coexist with a nasty brother who took a whip to his sister, locked her in underground potato cellars for days at a time and once draped a dead rattlesnake around her leg braces while she was in bed.

"And then the family wondered why I got so mean," says Georgia.

On any given evening Mrs. Feigner will entertain the Court in Holiday Inn bars by taking a cherry stem into her mouth and twisting it into an honest-to-goodness knot with her tongue—a skill that might very well enable the Feigners to earn gamelike employment long after The King's arm has gone dead. "It's real easy," says Georgia. "Here, you try it."

"I have a feeling that no matter how bad that brother of hers treated her," says The King, "Georgia got the best of him."

As one might suspect, there are long days, lonely nights and interminable rides in the station wagon when Eddie Feigner resembles a worn, frazzled old man barely making the next town—Walston, N. Dak.; Claymont, Del.; Berkeley Springs, W. Va. He is scratching out a living, trying to hang on to this wonderful, impossible dream of softball as

a big-time sport and of himself as its savior. He is dead-tired, slurs his words, becomes cranky and blames the rest of the team for bad directions or for blowing a play of the night before.

Then suddenly he is at the ball park, on the mound, in front of all those people—his people—and the change erupts. Feigner is a youth again. His eyes glow. His muscles work. He runs. He jumps. His pitches befuddle the haters and delight the crowd. Now The King is on stage. He is doing it, loving it, and maybe at that very moment Eddie Feigner deserves to become as big a celebrity as he wishes.

"Dad really did think the world was going to glorify him when he reached the age of 40," says Eddie Feigner Jr. "Then when it didn't, I think he really got down. He doesn't have to say it. I just know it hurts him not to be recognized more for what he's done. Sometimes I worry that people think he's some clown driving around the country in a wagon with a funny uniform on and throwing softballs behind his back. But he's not. He's the finest player in the history of this game, and nobody cares."

The King himself often speaks on this question of celebrity. "Let me tell you something," he says. "Bob Richards and I made appearances on the same night in Flint, Mich. a few years ago, and we kidded each other about who would draw more people. I got 4,000 and he got 800, Bob Richards, the Whenties man. The pole vaulter, you know. We went to the Detroit airport together. Baggage handlers, porters, everybody came up to shake my hand. They ignored Bob Richards. He said he was really impressed, and he was. It's hard for me to sit here and say this, but I'm the Messiah in Detroit. I could get elected mayor."

"Oh, look," he says. "I know I'll never be a big-timer because I'm not in an organized, glamorous, moneymaking operation. Just softball. Who cares about softball? I want to start a pro softball league. I want to run a softball pitching school. But would it matter? Who cares? I'm a pip-squeak because I'm caught in a nothing game. It's like being champion nose-blower. If I was this good in a recognized sport I'd have cars, all kinds of homes, a day in my honor, a movie. A movie of my life should be made, you know. Bob Mitchum could play me—I know him just well enough to call him

Bob. Now there's a real man's man. I met him in Canada. Hell of a guy."

"If I was this good in golf I could buy and sell Arnold Palmer, Arnold Palmer! He'd have to come to me, I'd like somebody to be able to ask Arnie, 'Did you ever shoot a round with Feigner?' That would be nice. But I'm not singing the blues. Hearing a woman and a child say, 'I love you' is worth more than any number of those fickle fans who drop you in a moment."

"I'm proud to be a friend of Joe Namath and Andy Williams and Glen Campbell and the rest of that new breed. A guy asked me the other day if I ever pitched against Sinatra. 'Frank?' I said. 'Sure, I pitched against Frank, and Deano, too, and Sammy Davis.' But that's enough. People in my own sport know who I am. It's enough to entertain those kids up in the stands and maybe do something they'll remember."

"I don't need monuments built to me. God willing, if I die, I bet I don't get a 10-second blurb on the national media. That doesn't bother me in the least. You know all I want? If you believe in the Bible, you earn a crown of stars when you get to heaven. The stars are for the people you made happy and the people you helped get to heaven. If I earn just one star I'll be a happy man."

Lack of recognition and dearth of national exposure aside, there are occasions that make the hard, rough life of Eddie Feigner worth enough. Occasions when he discards his moaning. Then, fortunately, he abandons his feeling that he has been running in place and ceases waiting for a Hall of Fame to grab him up or, at the least, for the *Eyewitness News* team to discover his act. Simply put, he recognizes what is important.

Such a moment occurred late one evening not long ago after a King and His Court game somewhere across America. Feigner had finished signing his autograph onto the last souvenir booklet, and it was time again to move on. But wait, there was one more to go. A trouble-haired blond boy about eight years old ran up to softball's finest player and, breathless there in the gathering darkness, he said, "I don't want an autograph, Mr. Feigner. Gee, I just want to say thanks for showing us such a good time."

Eddie Feigner rubbed the boy's head and looked up at the sky for a long long time. Then he rubbed the mist away. The King had his one star.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 8-14

AUTO RACING—**MEMORIAL TITANIC** DE of Bear started from the pole and drove his Lotus to victory in the Grand Prix of the Americas (300 miles) at a speed of nearly 135 mph. Derek Hillier of New Zealand and Peter Revson of the U.S., driving McLarens, finished second and third.

JOE LEONARD, defending USAC point champion, widened his lead over teammates Al Unser and Mike Donohue in this year's race for the driving title by finishing first in the 200-mile Euro-Ressources Group in Milwaukee. Unser also finished 115.657 mph, and Ben Sauter took Special Off-road from Bill Volkenski's Eagle-Offy by four laps.

GOOSE—**BOBBY FISCHER** of the United States widened his lead to 6-5 over Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R. in the world championship in Reykjavik, Iceland. On Sunday Spassky, the defending champion, took the second of his three adjourned moves, presumably to spend time with his wife and to recuperate from the strain of a world's most Fischer, who accepted a draw on Wednesday and then forced Spassky to resign after 75 moves. Fischer needs only 4½ points in the rest of 11 games to win.

PRO FOOTBALL—**DALLAS** continued its on-again-off-again bid for NFL MVP Quarterback Roger Staubach for right to 12 weeks when he suffered a shoulder sprain during the ball in for a second blood-throwing Los Angeles. Craig Morton took over and three third-down passes to beat the Rams 27-13. **KANSAS CITY** continued its new 70,000-seat Arrowhead Stadium with a 24-14 victory over St. Louis. The Chiefs' half straight now set up within a 16-second time during the second quarter when Larry Marshall returned a punt 25 yards. Ken Mantee finished an interception 25 yards, both for touchdowns. The third quarter had Ken in Rex Gentry's 15 field goals, and a 30-yard Joe Nemecek completed three of 15 passes and had one interception. **MINNESOTA**'s Cliff Jones ran back the opening kickoff 99 yards for a touchdown as the Vikings took San Diego 24-13. **WASHINGTON** Coach George Allen proved once again he does not like to lose even an exhibition game, as the Redskins beat the Redskins 40-0 (over 20) Sonny Jurgensen, who missed right at last season with a shoulder injury, threw a 55-yard touchdown pass to Tony Stewart and an assist of 16 yards to Jerry Remy. **NEW ORLEANS** lost, then died by the field goal. When Sara Tom Lombard kicked one with nine seconds left against Philadelphia in a game that in the work, it produced a 1-10 win. But when **BUFFALO**'s John Lysowski kicked one late, 16 yards out with five seconds left in a game that in the work, it spelled

a 24-21 loss for the Saints. **CHICAGO** needed two hours to score one field goal. Mac Percival was short on a 45-yard attempt, the Bears drove the floor ball and Percival's second try, from the seven-yard line with three seconds left, edged Houston 20-17. **CINCINNATI** took a 17-0 victory. **CLEVELAND** made his second long punt return (this one for 58 yards) in as many series as the Bengals defeated Detroit 37-17. **CLEVELAND** beat New England 29-20 as another Quarterback John Brown discussed three second-period touchdowns. **GREEN BAY** won its second consecutive game, and Miami lost its second 14-13 when a high snap from center prevented Gato Tejada from kicking the tying extra point with less than two minutes to go. **NANAI** **RANSICO** beat Cleveland 20-11 in a case of John Fother beating a strong Mike Phipps.

GAAP—**FRANK NICKLAUS**, with three strokes ahead in the end despite Jim Colbert's eagle and hole in one during a clubhouse 65, won the \$250,000 Websterbank Classic in Huntington, N.Y. By 7-hole golf of 270 was 18 strokes out and the lowest score on the last five holes. It was Nicklaus' 60th victory in 12 starts and increased his earnings to \$240,413 for the year (June 30).

MARILYN SMITH easily won her 20th ELOK star event, the \$30,000 Penn Clubhouse in Columbia, Ohio, string a 6-under-par 101, including a hole in one. She finished on short ahead of Jan Fennell.

HORSE RACING—**STRIKE OUT** (52-40) and **JAY TIE** (57-40) sped to a dead heat in 1:30 1/2 in the \$92,149 Adios, a classic for 3-year-old ponies at The Meadows, near Pittsburgh (June 24).

HENRI **Bousquet** drove **SPEDDY CROWN** (53-30), winner of the Rosemead International and the Challenge Handicap Race with France's Les de Min in July, to victory in the \$60,000 Maple Leaf Trotting Classic at Greenwood Racetrack in Toronto. The winning time was 2:00 1/2. **Florent Chabot** finished second and **Line de Mai** third.

ALBERTOSS (33), owned by Stanley Dorian, set a track record of 1:35 1/2 for the mile in the \$25,000 Canadian Bay Race at New York's Yonkers Racetrack. The victory made 4-year-olds the first consecutive winning race over with \$1,010,000 in earnings.

HORSE RACING—**SUMMER GUEST** (13), with Ron Trickett aboard, beaten Light Hearted and three other 3-year-old horses in the \$54,400 Altimus Stakes at Saratoga (June 16).

SHICKY GREENE (52-50), an unbeaten 2-year-old colt named for the night-club comedian and ridden by Carlos Martinez, won a state-high victory over Saverio Bold in the \$100,500 Adios Washington Futurity in Chicago.

SPARKALARK (59), Angel Condor Jr. an unraced colt from the north and won the \$1,185 Kentucky Stakes by a length at Moonbeam Park, N.Y. **MISSING ANGEL** (51) (80) won the \$114,000 Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park for the second consecutive year. He finished in 1:55 1/2. The lengths followed Numbered Account finished third and Chica Cruise fourth.

TENNIS—**CHRIS EVERT** won her first major tournament, the \$100,000 U.S. Clay Court in Indianapolis, defeating Evonne Loulou 7-6, 6-1. Miss Evert, who did not lose a set in five matches, beat Margaret Court in the semifinals and Miss Loulou, but the second time in three tries in the final. **BORG** **BELTIT** of South Africa defeated Jimmy Connors of Williams, Ill. 7-6, 6-1, 6-2 in the men's final.

MARK COX of Great Britain beat Australia's **Rory Ralston**, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-1, 6-8, to win the \$50,000 Cleveland Slalom Classic.

VOLLEYBALL—**THE UNITED STATES**, having once failed to qualify for the Olympics in Cuba a year ago, missed a last opportunity to join Munich South by finishing behind Poland, Brazil, Holland and France in a qualifying tournament in Paris.

MILPOITS—**NAMED** As coach of the ABA's new San Diego Sizzlers, who will play their first game on October 10, and last year an assistant coach of the Los Angeles Lakers. In the space of two days the team not only selected a head coach and a nickname, the Compadres, a general manager, Alex Carter, and 17 draft picks, including Carolina's Larry Miller, who set a career single-game scoring record of 87 points last season.

SIGNED B. the NBA's Seattle SuperSonics, **JOHN SHUNKER**, 25, thereby solving the mystery of who he was named out of the ABA. After having averaged 28.5 minutes per game with the defunct Pittsburgh Condors, Shunker had purchased his own contract from the ABA's Dallas Chaparrals in order to become a free agent.

DIED **EDDIE MACGIN**, 40, heavyweight contender in the late '50s and early '60s, who won 30 fights in his career against only 11 losses and those draws he never fought for the championship, of a fall from a second-story apartment window, in San Francisco.

DIED **GEORGE WEISS**, 38, New York Yankee left-handed leaver 1912-47 and general manager from 1947-60, during which time the Yankees won 16 pennants and seven World Series. After a long career in Greenwich, Conn., upon being fired by the Yankees, Weiss became president of the New York Mets in 1963, retiring in 1964.

CREDITS

14-17—Tony Toney. 18-19—Jerry Cooke. 20—Mama Cooke. 21—Mama Cooke. 22-23—Mama Cooke. 24-25—Mama Cooke. 26-27—Mama Cooke. 28-29—Mama Cooke. 30—Mama Cooke. 31—Mama Cooke. 32—Mama Cooke. 33—Mama Cooke. 34—Mama Cooke. 35—Mama Cooke. 36—Mama Cooke. 37—Mama Cooke. 38—Mama Cooke. 39—Mama Cooke. 40—Mama Cooke. 41—Mama Cooke. 42—Mama Cooke. 43—Mama Cooke. 44—Mama Cooke. 45—Mama Cooke. 46—Mama Cooke. 47—Mama Cooke. 48—Mama Cooke. 49—Mama Cooke. 50—Mama Cooke. 51—Mama Cooke. 52—Mama Cooke. 53—Mama Cooke. 54—Mama Cooke. 55—Mama Cooke. 56—Mama Cooke. 57—Mama Cooke. 58—Mama Cooke. 59—Mama Cooke. 60—Mama Cooke. 61—Mama Cooke. 62—Mama Cooke. 63—Mama Cooke. 64—Mama Cooke. 65—Mama Cooke. 66—Mama Cooke. 67—Mama Cooke. 68—Mama Cooke. 69—Mama Cooke. 70—Mama Cooke. 71—Mama Cooke. 72—Mama Cooke. 73—Mama Cooke. 74—Mama Cooke. 75—Mama Cooke. 76—Mama Cooke. 77—Mama Cooke. 78—Mama Cooke. 79—Mama Cooke. 80—Mama Cooke. 81—Mama Cooke. 82—Mama Cooke. 83—Mama Cooke. 84—Mama Cooke. 85—Mama Cooke. 86—Mama Cooke. 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOLPHIN DUO

Sirs:

I must comment on the great work John Underwood did in his article about the Miami running duo, Larry Coska and Jim Krick (*The Blood and Thunder Boys*, Aug. 7). It reveals how these two men play the game, for laughs, thrills, glory and, more or less, for fun.

Miami is a good team, and more articles should be written on its leaders.

GREG MABALE

Minersville, Pa.

Sirs:

John Underwood's article on Jim Krick and Larry Coska was excellent and I enjoyed every bit of it. I was glad to read that Krick, like so many participants in sports at all levels, dislikes practice. It is my belief that most other pros feel the same but don't want to jeopardize their positions by admitting it. Then again, if one is as good as Krick or Coska, he doesn't have much to worry about, does he?

STEVE ALLEN

Jacksonville

Sirs:

Once again you have praised the Dynamic Duo, Bruce Crampton and the Some Dude Kid, alias Larry Coska and Jim Krick. You spoke so highly of these two last year you had your readers believing they had some talent. But after the Super Myonatch, where Coska and Krick stumbled, humbled and fumbled their way as the Miami Dolphins were totally annihilated, fans realized they were overrated and under-entertained against a good defense.

LEO EVANS

Tuba

Sirs:

To whom is Larry Coska's derisive gesture directed? As an alumnus and former athlete of Syracuse University, I want to apologize for Larry's blatant arrogance. Not all athletes from Syracuse are as childish as Larry appears to be on your Aug. 7 cover.

JAMES A. ROBLE

Toronto, N.Y.

ALL-STARS

Sirs:

Congratulations for a splendid article using the origins of the All-Star football and baseball games founded by my father, Arch Ward (*When the Stars Cross*, Aug. 7). I disagree, however, that he would have been surprised at the reluctance of some of today's stars to play in the games. In fact, he personally recruited numerous football players during World War II when

talent was scarce, and injuries always have worried rookies with futures at stake. He had to hard-sell both games at the beginning and kept selling right up to his death. I think he would be amazed at their continued success.

Tom Ward

Chicago

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article, but I am one of those who think Mickey Lolich should have started for the American League instead of Jim Palmer. Lolich was leading the majors in wins, and he could become a 30-game winner despite the shortened season. He is also climbing on the all-time strikeout list, but he has never won the Cy Young Award. Last year it went to the fluke from Oakland, Vida Blue.

JERRY BULLEN

McMansville, Tenn.

EVERY'S REPLY

Sirs:

As can be easily verified upon examination, the remarks of Avery Brundage at the Amsterdam Session of the IOC had no more effect on the voting for the venue of the Games of the XXII Olympiad than the July 24 issue of *SI (Defender of the Faith)*. There was little in my remarks that had not been said before. They were not attended to affect the vote, nor did they affect even one vote. The members of the IOC had made up their minds which city they were going to support long before.

To say "Avery sold out the United States" is ludicrous. Such a criticism might be directed against Los Angeles, since it killed the oft-repeated avocation from Detroit by circulating reports that "Detroit is a dirty factory city." The assumption that Los Angeles is the United States is typical. I voted for Los Angeles, not because I thought it had a chance, but because I was sure that after the crude maneuvers it would be a debacle. One need only read Mr. Kilroy's description of his campaign to obtain the Games for Los Angeles to know why he did not succeed. Nothing less calculated to impress members of the IOC could very well have been devised.

The long-functioning and more sophisticated Los Angeles Committee for the Olympic Games, which operated for many years under the chairmanship of Bill Henry, the *Los Angeles Times* columnist, and other prominent citizens with a knowledge of Olympic procedure, was practically ignored.

AVERY BRUNDAGE

President

International Olympic Committee

Chicago

TEAM PLAY

Sirs:

I was extremely excited and very glad to see that your article on the National Team Championship was devoted almost entirely to Jack Lewis Jr. (*Teaching Junior the Palmer Method*, Aug. 7). As a classmate of Jack's at Wake Forest, I can assure you without hesitation that anyone who was at Wake Forest with Jack does not consider him an unknown. His brilliant play and unflinching sportsmanship as captain of Wake Forest's golf team made him something of a celebrity. I find it hard to understand how sportswriters making a living writing about golf could have failed to hear of this former Walker Cupper, North and South champion and the only amateur to qualify five and then complete all four rounds in both the Masters and the U.S. Open in 1968.

I remember Jack as being a genuinely all-round nice guy with a tremendous talent for life as well as golf. I believe anyone who knows him well would agree he deserves to go far, and with his earnest dedication I am sure he will.

Jim Pyron

Eden, N.C.

Sirs:

Myron Cope should be praised for his reporting of the Arnold Palmer-Bruce Crampton argument. He did not do such a bad job covering Palmer's choice to replace Jack Nicklaus, either. But if he was attempting to write about the National Team Championship, he failed. Bobe Hoke and Kermit Zarley won the tournament, yet their names were hardly mentioned.

Palmer, Nicklaus, Crampton and others make news every week. So when unknowns win a tournament, how about letting us know something about them?

DAVID BENNETT

Fort Worth

Sirs:

When are journalists as a whole and *SI* in particular going to refrain from sacrificing a lamb or two or three in order to display the sharpness of the wolf's teeth? Although this approach sometimes seems humorous to a portion of the population, there are many of us who find it nauseating. Has it finally become necessary to publicly intimidate and ultimately destroy Bruce Crampton in order to positively guarantee Arnold Palmer's future assignment as Greenskeeper Emeritus of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Peter's?

Galleries, to use the alleged words of Bruce Crampton, are "intimid and disconcerting." I have caddied for Miller Barber while he was playing with Palmer, and the gallery's

continued

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behavior was totally out of place and not fair to anyone. Also, several years ago I played golf with Bruce Crampton in a pro-junior event. He was charming as a person and exceptional as an instructor. At the recent Byron Nelson Classic, Crampton was the only contestant who signed virtually all of the autographs that were requested of him, while Palmer, Nicklaus and the rest escaped after token vignettes.

Why must SJ resort to gross character distortion and dreams of events that never were instead of reporting the feats of two fine athletes, Kermit Zarley and Babe Huskey, 72 magnificently played holes and the merits of the PGA National Team Championships?

C. EDWARD NOYES

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

To cope with Myron Cope in the sports arena is analogous to defending oneself with an unloaded BB gun against a 300-pound gorilla! His coverage of the National Team Championships at Laurel Valley Country Club, and especially his insight on the one-sided team effort of one A. Palmer and J. Lewin, was, to say the least, a sizzler. I look forward with avid interest to the day

when SJ dares to write an article on Mar-velous Myron. A Howard Cosell he ain't, but he is just as colorful.

ED HAGER

York, Pa.

UNTO CESAR

Sirs:

Thanks to Harold Peterson for bringing attention to the amazing Cesar Cedeno (*Holt, Cesar! And Hello, Aug. 7*). Only 21, he is the sparkplug of a talented Houston team that is bidding for its first pennant. The Orange Crush may not make it this year, but the rest of the league, the Big Red Machine included, had better be on the lookout for it in the years to come.

BILL UFFER

Denton, Texas

Sirs:

Your story was extremely timely. On Aug. 2 Cesar hit a single, a double, a triple and a home run in one game against Cincinnati. It shows that, with Cedeno, the Astros still have a good chance to make it into the World Series.

CINDY STEWELL

Houston

Sirs:

Although I am a New Yorker and there is supposed to be a rivalry between the Mets and Houston, Cesar has always been one of my favorite players. His 40 doubles last year were a fantastic achievement, considering how long he has been in pro ball. When MVP voting time rolls around, Cedeno should be one of the first nominated. Harry Walker compares him to Roberto Clemente, but Ty Cobb would have been a better choice. While Cesar may not be as aggressive a player as Ty was in his prime, he is still the best all-round player today.

NICHOLAS VON ARNOLD

Bay Shore, N.Y.

Sirs:

Harold Peterson's article on Cesar Cedeno gave due credit to a great ballplayer, but he should be treated as a talented human being, not some remote god.

BOB GONZALEZ

Houston

ROBYN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your cover story on Robyn Smith was a welcome relief after tedious weeks of Jack

continued

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Western Open	\$49,095	\$19,467	\$10,880	\$11,517	\$14	\$4,499
Claretian Open	\$49,987	\$19,467	\$10,880	\$11,517	\$14	\$4,499
Canadian Open	\$49,987	\$19,467	\$10,880	\$11,517	\$14	\$4,499
Chrysler All-American Open	\$24,514	\$10,258	\$2,132	\$2,071	\$1,088	\$1,213
American Golf Classic	\$49,987	\$19,467	\$10,880	\$11,517	\$14	\$4,499
TOTAL	\$4,676,544	\$3,981,777	\$455,675	\$243,545	\$175,377	\$410,788
PERCENTAGE OF PRIZE MONEY	100.0%	72.3%	9.7%	5.2%	3.8%	8.0%

Titleist: the money ball

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Nicklaus, Johnny Unitas and Bobby Hull. Frank Deford's portrayal goes far to debunk the myth, while enhancing the mystery of the woman—which in itself is quite fascinating.

Perhaps underemphasized in the article is the fearlessness, level of ability and accomplishment of Jockey Smith Unmen-tained is Aug. 14, 1971 when she set the track record at Saratoga for seven furlongs on Benjamins, changing leads and whipping left-handed while beating Kennedy Road, Proctor Shot and Judgable in 1:21 3/4.

Despite her professed admiration for Eddie Arcaro, there is no jockey in the country who rides shorter as the icons than Robyn. Her unscarred comeliness and high winning percentage attest to the fact that her horsemanship and sense of balance are unmatched by stronger jockeys. Most impressive about the girl is her fearlessness on a sloppy or muddy track.

As for Robyn's being lovely, the author shows little taste in even raising the question. The pictures speak louder than his words.

JOHN K. SELLER

New York City

Sir,

I thought that all magazines SL would appreciate the tremendous contributions and struggles of today's women in sports. However, I found you quite malicious in the article concerning Robyn Smith, respected in horse racing as well as in the eyes of women who are trying to reverse the attitude that makes some men think women are good only for sex, cooking and shopping.

Robyn has found a life that she loves but which must have held many personal sorrows and sufferings. If anything, she should be praised for her Don Quixote attitude in struggling to make herself into something that she and others can be proud of. Like all of us, she is searching for her own happiness, and isn't that what we as human beings are entitled to?

CHRISTY SHER

Louisville

Sir,

Frank Deford truly showed his male chauvinist pigskin when he consistently referred to Robyn's attractiveness or lack of it now that she is a jockey.

Poor Deford was probably dismayed because she remained a person instead of a sexual object. I admire her for being herself and not being intimidated.

MARY JANE BAGWELL

Bloom, Md.

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Another part of the feeling comes from Thunderbird's luxurious interior appointments—the enveloping comfort of its seats, the lush, cut-pile carpeting underfoot, and the increased roominess made possible by a longer wheelbase. They're all part of this magnificent personal automobile.

But there's really only one sure way to get the feeling of Thunderbird. Drive it. At your Ford Dealer's now.

Options shown: gleamour paint; vinyl roof; body side protection molding; power antenna; leather and vinyl individually adjustable seats.

THUNDERBIRD

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Now everybody will be showing off their strength by puffing new tasteless cigarettes



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19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report APR. '72.

